# CAPS WELL FIT:

OR,

# SELECT EPIGRAMS.

## SERIOUS AND COMIC.

By TITUS, IN SANDGATE,

AND

TITUS, EVERYWHERE.

True Judges, read each Work of Wit,
Says ONE, of honour'd Fame;
*With the same Spirit Authors writ,*
And criticize the same:
Let such *true Judges* then be mine,
For Sense I like, and Spirit;
To *them*, this Work in Peace resign,
Be less, or more its Merit.

*NEWCASTLE:*

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[redacted]

# SANDGATE.

THE City of Sandgate (commonly ſo called) forms the Eaſtern Suburbs of Newcaſtle upon Tyne; and was heretofore almoſt ſolely inhabited by common Keelmen, and their Families; and became a kind of Bye-word to ſtrangers, for the dirtineſs of its Streets, Lanes, and Avenues; and more eſpecially, from the uncleanly Appearance, uncouth Language, and brutiſh Behaviour of the People. But, of late Years, the Place hath carried a more civilized Aſpect; particularly, ſince the elegant Rebuilding of St. ANN CHAPPEL, by Mr Newton; and the ſpacious Turnpike Road, leading to North Shields. About this Period of Improvement, TITUS is ſuppoſed to have choſen his occaſional Reſidence here; to have made himſelf familiar with the Elder Inhabitants; and to have commenced an open Advocate in their Favour. Being a citizen of the world, he does not confine his *Laconic Lucrubrations*, to caſual Obſervations, made in this circle only; but liberally extends them EVERYWHERE, as incidents fall out.

He hath a large Aſſortment of CAPS yet in ſtore; which he intends holding in *Dead Stock*, until he knows the ſucceſs of his preſent Sale. He muſt form his Judgment of their *real Value*, according to HUDIBRAS.

What is the Worth of any Thing,
But juſt as much *Money* as 'twill bring?

I.

WHO fits the cap? cries many a fool,
And bids Old TITUS name him;
If 'tis not made exact by rule,
Why, caſt it off, and *ſhame him!*
Old Titus means, by moral ſcenes,
To worth, and vice, their due;
And though upon, more heads than one,
The CAP is no leſs true.

II.

The rig you run, with all your fun,
Againſt our SANDGATE-STREET;
Becauſe, we know, your *Saville-row*,
Is kept ſo wondrous neat:
But come, be kind, entreaties mind,
And hence *remove* ſome folks;
'Twill ſoon be ſeen, like you we're *clean*,
For all your gibes, and jokes.

III.

In Sandgate once, a man there liv'd,
Ye jokers, why ſo ſtare?
Attorney he! as good as breath'd,
And wore an *honeſt* heart:
We need not flaſh, his name was NAAH,
Which many living know;
Newcaſtle! now, I aſk of you,
Can every ſtreet ſay ſo?

IV.

Not one good ſoul in Sandgate lives,
Imperious *Wolſey* cries;
But ſoon as JOE his preſence gives,
All own that Wolſey lies:
And if he dares to ſtand compare,
I will be bold to ſay,
Much better ſouls in Sandgate are,
Than Wolſey's is to-day!

V.

How odious Sandgate ſeems, at day,
To many a modiſh ſpark;
Who in the evening trips away,
And ſeeks it in the dark?
O! O!—'tis then, theſe gentlemen,
Think, Sandgate too can bleſs;
And hours employ, in mirth and joy,
With roſy *Peg*, or tawny *Beſs*.

VI.

When *lady* drives through Sandgate-ſtreet,
Her ladyſhip will *titter*;
But did ſhe once with Titus meet,
By *Andrew!* he would fit her:
He'd tell her plain, in Sandgate ſtrain,
That *coaches* frequent carry
What *ſkipper* takes, to yonder jakes,
She may be proud——a marry!

VII.

Nice belles, and beaus, blame Sandgate ſtreet,
In words, perhaps, too haſty;
But if in Southern S******s they'll meet,
They'll find that place more naſty:
Such filthy ſinks, and compound ſt---s,
Ones very blood runs chilly;
And what is more, on banks, and ſhore,
The mob are far more ſilly.

VIII.

Long Sandgate lay debas'd in fame,
Filthieſt haunts of brutiſh clans;
'Till clever *Willy Newton* came,
And built us bonny neat St. Ann's;
The ſpacious road too winding high;
Whilſt civil ſtrangers ſettle near;
We'll ſhew the curious, by and by,
What *clean* improvements flouriſh here!

IX.

Some, Titus blame, because he writes,
And thinks, and writes to *touch*;
Poor man! say they, he surely needs,
Or has, perhaps, too much?
Whilst Titus gives this reason plain,
Where Reason's force prevails;
Some people barry sense, and brain,
And others—*Kentish tails*.

X.

Cuckholds, and Whores, were odious names,
In times of yore, through Britain;
But gracious Parliament reclaims,
And *past* the sexes fitting:
Bills of Divorce, assuage remorse,
Such acts of grace restore;
Grand Cuckholds scorn to shun the horn,
Grand Strumpets blush no more.

XI.

Corinna is no longer whore,
For she is *wed* again;
Nor does she *practice*, as before,
Excepting now and then!
Her former spouse is married too,
Such husbands!—and such wives!
What has the public shame to do?
They've *patents* for their lives.

XII.

Pert Lucy, was a common whore,
Ere fortune smil'd upon her;
Now, lo! those gentlefolks adore,
Who us'd so much to shun her:
But can the Æthiop change his skin?
Or Leopard turn a spot?
No more can gold remove her sin,
Such virtue it hath not.

XIII.

FLAVELLA, hath herſelf forgot,
As all the neighbours ſay;
But numbers live, to bear in thought,
Her conduct, t'other day;
Whilſt gayſome, in *illicit* love,
How eminent her name?
No time remembrance can remove,
No gold reverſe her ſhame!

XIV.

To camp, to camp, the ladies tramp,
You wonder much, you ſay,
But don't you know, the fact is ſo,
They're *ſoldiers*, in their way?
Thoſe darting eyes, and tapering thighs,
Arang'd to *martial* view;
When fair in field, cauſe more to yield,
Than ever *Cæſar* ſlew.

XV.

The mother, and the daughter, there,
Which of them is the proudeſt?
The one, I know, will make you ſtare,
The other talks far loudeſt:
If ſuch the caſe, give ſilence place,
Nor longer make a pother;
For no wiſe man, who knows his plan,
Will daughter chuſe, nor mother.

XVI.

That powder'd girl, in blooming teens,
How mellow, and how fine!
So ripe for love's delicious ſcenes,
Yet is no choice of mine:
Why ſo? young ſpark, Old Titus cries,
Becauſe (ſays he) I'll prove;
Were I once *fixt* to thoſe looſe eyes,
My heart wou'd die for love!

XVII.

She *ſtinks* of pride,—the vulgar ſay,
And what they ſpeak, ſeems true;
For if that lady croſs your way,
The ſtomach *makes* to ſpew;
So much ſhe ſcents of muſk perfumes,
As I'm a mortal ſinner;
To ſnatch a kiſs, who bold aſſumes,
Deſerves to loſe his dinner.

XVIII.

Call Lady BOLD, the greateſt ſcold,
And tell her of her lies;
Say, ſhe's a curſe, or ſomething worſe,
She with the whole complies;
Nay, if you ſmoke the queereſt joke,
It thrills through all her veins;
But, once ſay—*Punk*——or, *You get drunk!*
She'll box you for your pains.

XIX.

I have been told, that Lady Bold,
With my poor name makes free;
Behind my back, whirls round her clack,
When o'er her drams, or tea;
It may be ſo—e'en let it go,
Like, muſt from like proceed,
But if ſhe bleſt, or praiſe expreſt,
I had been vext indeed.

XX.

Gamblers, and whores, are much alike,
Through *itch*, they play the game;
Equal at loſs and gain they ſtrike,
And *ſhuffle* out their ſhame:
They ſhould of courſe one charter have,
At *itch*, ſo nice and quick!
Whilſt *Club-foot* ſkulks behind each knave,
To *fob* their final trick.

XXI.

My father's rich, cries haughty *Bel*,
He is a Lord of Manor;
Extenſive acres this can tell,
Altho' you call him *tanner*:
It may be ſo, ſays honeſt Joe,
Who warmly long'd to man her,
But whilſt, proud maid, he follows trade,
He's only ſtill a tanner.

XXII.

Tom Jackſon, bought a large eſtate,
The gentry throng about him;
But ſoon they found, before too late,
They better were without him:
The man had purchas'd lands, 'tis true,
With ſhillings, pounds, and pence;
But all his parchments could not ſhew,
He'd bought one grain of ſenſe!

XXIII.

I ſee, by lucky turns in trade,
Some low mechanics riſe;
Who thus above their equals made,
Set up for being wiſe!
But vain, alas! their wrong pretence,
So weak in learning's ſkill;
For all their ſhillings, pounds, and pence,
They are low mechanics ſtill.

XXIV.

Rich Hodge, would gladly have to wed,
Fair Rachel of the green;
Relations will not hear it ſaid,
Her fortune is too mean!
But Rachel's friends exert their ſkill,
To prove the difference ſmall;
For ſhe has wit, and ſenſe at will,
While Hodge hath none at all.

XXV.

Hodge rouz'd at laſt, and Rachel wed,
With plain *White-Chapel* fortune!
His *money* quaſhes what was ſaid,
His act, no friends dare ſport on!
And Rachel proves her judgment true,
Thro' each domeſtic care;
So Hodge has nothing more to do,
But ſmoke, and drink, and ſtare.

XXVI.

A cooper's daughter Dicky ſought,
And chanc'd, ſome how, to *ſtave* her;
But when the thing to light was brought,
The rogue refus'd to have her.
Come, never mind, a friend rejoin'd,
If Dick wants ſkill to *hoop* he
He's found, no doubt, ſome *leakage* out,
'Tis ſtill more work for cooper.

## XXVII.

Imperia, trick'd her *cull* at laſt,
Who more than once deceiv'd her;
She had living proofs of what had paſt,
And yet he ſcarce believ'd her,
But now, ſhe fixt on *black* and *white*,
Before again ſhe'd falter;
Futuro ſhew'd, the wench was right,
He led her to the altar!

## XXVIII.

Miſs Jenny, from her mother learns
Such pride, and affectation;
That every ſober eye diſcerns,
Her want of reformation:
If mother's will, ſuch airs inſtill,
To learn their daughters fancies,
No wonder's mine, to ſee them ſhine
The Fools of lew'd Romances.

XXIX.

On ſober reformation bent,
Our times wear ſuch hard features;
Laſt Sabbath day, to kirk I went,
With other ſerious creatures:
*Full fourſcore* minutes, Meſs John preach'd
His *ſaints* to ſave alive;
But all the truths his method reach'd,
Were clean forgot in *five*.

XXX.

When flirting Dolly comes to kirk,
She ſtares ſo much about her;
That ſober minds begin to work,
And wiſh they were without her.
If Dolly will not learn more grace,
And be with ſaints more civil;
She'd better far at home keep place,
And there *outſtare* the Devil.

XXXI.

How many people *sleep* at kirk,
While Mess John takes such pains!
Regardless of his holy work,
So drowsy in their brains!
Come tell me seven-sleepy folk,
What you in vision scheme?
Does scripture, *there*, appear a joke,
Or is the whole a dream?

XXXII.

Fop comes to kirk, to spy about,
To snuff, to grin, to vapour;
'Tis wish'd the clerk would kick him out,
And send him home to caper;
The coxcomb there a glass may find,
To shew his perfect feature;
How much he dares disgrace mankind,
With such a flimsy creature!

## XXXIII.

Hypocrites, the kirk forſakes,
And other worſhip chuſes;
Becauſe by *this*, he money makes,
By *that*, he rather loſes:
'Tis plain to ſee the man's deſign,
And draw concluſion civil;
He'd change his GOD, for curſed coin,
If profer'd by the Devil.

## XXXIV.

Old Velvet, daily goes to church,
To ſeek for Pater-Noſter;
But leaves his neighbour in the lurch,
As one did poor *George Forſter*:
Now where's the light, to prove him right,
In ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine weather?
For ſure 'tis ſaid, if *cloſe* we read,
That GOD and *neighbour* dwell together.

## XXXV.

Grave Robin, conſtant goes to kirk,
As conſtantly returns:
In him, we ſee no ſpirit work,
No raptur'd Seraph burns!
What can the man's religion be?
Will no good ſoul reveal it?
No neighbour, does in friendſhip ſee,
The poor, they never *feel* it.

## XXXVI.

If chance you cautious Robin aſk,
What is his ſoul's belief?
He'll tell you, that's an arduous taſk,
Of difficulties, chief:
But if in time you'll give him leave,
The paradox he'll own;
His faith is pin'd on Meſs-John's ſleeve,
No higher is it flown.

## XXXVII.

Pious Peter, keeps his way,
Is fond of ſcripture phrazes;
Attends to what the preachers ſay,
And as he likes them, praiſes:
But if a ſermon comes from preſs,
Of which *two-pence* the price is;
Good Peter, thinks it ſhould be leſs,
His conſcious heart ſo nice is.

## XXXVIII.

I tell you ſtill, frown as you will,
That Sandgate well may boaſt,
Of buildings new, and arts as true,
And men—as *good* as moſt:
Indeed, our crowd are ſome what rude,
Good manners ſcarce can fix 'em;
But yet the wiſe, who prudence prize,
In uſeful lines may mix 'em.

XXXIX.

I Swalwell like, ſays brother John,
Becauſe the kirk is near;
Were *this* remov'd, I would be gone,
In leſs than half a year.
If that be all, to Sandgate come,
And live with me my brother;
Excel, who can, our fair St. Ann,
Or ſhew me ſuch another!

XL.

Our Ballaſt Hills are hardly known,
To ſtrangers, paſſing by;
Tho' many a nicely ſculptur'd ſtone,
Deſcribes where *chriſtians* lie:
Forgive, ye fair! ye debonair!
If ſatyr bold avow,
That, in this place, *ſleep* heirs of grace,
Who ſenſe and wiſdom knew.

XLI.

Tall FRANCIS, walks the ſtreet along,
The people ſtare upon him;
At Sandgate-gate, ſee how they throng,
Where juſt reſpect is ſhewn him:
'Tis not, that he can look ſo high,
And is, than many ſmaller;
But merit proves the reaſon why,—
His Soul is ſo much taller!

XLII.

When ſix foot JOSEPH walks with MATT,
All marvel, who have ſeen them;
This ſcarce can reach the other's hat,
Such difference is between them:
But if they ſaw each boſom bare,
How great wou'd be their wonder?
To mark the taller difference there,
And Matt, ſo much more under!

XLIII.

'Tis paſt a doubt, the ſecret's out,
Why Titus takes this round;
He likes true men, tho' ne'er ſo plain,
Or tho' in Sandgate found!
Two ſparks, laſt night, took much delight,
His private haunts to ferrit;
They found him well, nor bluſh to tell,
With P*****k, and with merit.

XLIV.

Newcaſtle, like moſt other places,
Various characters can ſhew;
Some few, inhabit with the graces,
While *ſome few* ſtoop too low!
What nice concluſion can we make,
From this trite obſervation?
That *poets*, good and bad, may take
From every place and nation!

XLV.

Ye grand! ye midling! and ye low!
To truth itſelf attend;
If one *juſt* Author proves your foe,
Where will ye find a friend?
The time is near—will ſoon be here,
And muſt attention claim;
When great and ſmall; yes, one and all,
Will wiſh an *honeſt* fame.

XLVI.

How ſome grand people puff and blow,
In ſcorn of poor and needing!
And want to make their vaſſals know,
Such airs are perfect breeding!
But we ſuppoſe, ſnug under roſe,
No mighty difference claſhes;
For ſure 'tis plain, that *grandeſt* men,
Are merely duſt and aſhes.

## XLVII.

See, lordly John come bluftering on,
As if he'd drive all o'er;
Pray, does he mean, we've never feen
A bull, or bear, before?
Yes, many a one, tell haughty John,
And many a pair of bellows;
And ftill can find, a f--t behind,
For all fuch *frothy* fellows.

## XLVIII.

Pompofo, liv'd in golden ftate,
And car'd a fig for no man;
He valued not the love, or hate,
Of high-church dupe, or low-man:
He rode through life, with equal wife,
Till at the laft he died;
None could we find, to *praife* his mind,
But one—who groffly lied.

XLIX.

Young Fungus, loſes, plain and clear,
Tho' come to brave eſtate;
He hath loſt his tongue; each eye, each ear,
So filthy proud and great!
If old acquaintance kind ſalute,
In uſual manners free;
They find the fopling, blind and mute,
No mole more deaf than he!

L.

Nice Nimrod kecks, and holds his noſe,
When *paupers* once ſurround him;
The Thoughts of dirt, and louſy cloaths,
Are thoughts which much confound him;
But if you'll ſtep to Nimrod's hall,
His dogs and whelps abounding;
You'll really think, their piſs and ſtink,
Are more by far confounding.

LI.

Sir Patrick keeps a motley crew,
Of ſlaves, and cooks, and others;
In charities, to give him due,
He equals half his brothers:
Crumbs, ſav'd from ſurfeit, or from hogs,
A few poor neighbours ſhare,
And view the kennels of his dogs,
You'll find profuſion there!

LII.

That manor's Lord, commands no more,
His riches cou'd not ſave him;
To *anſwer*, on ſome diſtant ſhore,
Grim Death reſolv'd to have him:
Good Chriſtians come, and yield him room,
Within ſome kind kirk-hole;
Yet nevertheleſs, we muſt confeſs,
He many acres ſtole.

LIII.

I leave off talk, and take my walk,
In ſearch of objects new;
I go not far, 'till well aware,
I've POMPO in my view;
If for curſt *pride*, old Satan fell,
From bleſt eliſian ſkies;
Say, is it poſſible to tell
How Pompo means to riſe?

LIV.

See, down yon hill, comes ſurly Will,
His pockets lin'd with gold;
Behold, how ſly, he paſſes by
His quondam friend of old?
Poorer than Will, the man we own,
Becauſe the fact is true;
Yet, when the faithful mirror's ſhewn,
We find him *richer* too!

LV.

See Rags, and Lace, move paſt that place,
Which hath the better lining?
Meſs-John knows both, and can, in troth,
Deſcribe, without divining:
Thoſe ſtrips of lace, Old BRIBE diſgrace,
Who gain'd his *birth* by ſwearing;
The rags, and thromb, ſhade *honeſt* Tom,
Who *loſt* it by forbearing.

LVI.

Lord bleſs us! how young Jehu drives
His Phaeton along?
As if he was the Lord of lives,
Nor car'd for right or wrong!
But let young Jehu mind his health,
And regulate career;
Leſt father's *ſtrange* ill-gotten wealth,
Should fly—the lord knows where.

LVII.

I'm told, that Sawny Sweeper's ſon
Puffs out, all bright and airy;
Turns proud, as maggots warm'd by noon,
Nor modeſt is, nor wary:
I'd have him mind, the *muſhroom* kind,
And mark it as a rule;
That what is there, in morning fair;
At eve, is mere toad-ſtool.

LVIII.

That figure there?—with ſuch an air!
Whoſe name I find you ſtifle;
Where catch you time, or thought, or rhyme
To waſte on ſuch a trifle?
I wonder much, your wit is ſuch,
To call him—Tommy Noddy;
For, if you look, in Reaſon's book,
He's neither ſoul nor body.

LIX.

Tom keeps his chaiſe, in modern days,
And lords it o'er his kind;
How matters change, in fortune's range,
His father rode behind!
Tom!—let thy pride in time ſubſide,
Humility may ſave thee;
If thou drives on, as thou haſt done,
The Devil will ſurely have thee.

LX.

See! pride emerging from a ſhaft,
A tyrant, in his way;
Of yore, he at religion laugh'd,
And ſhuns it at this day:
Rejoice we will, when men of ſkill,
At uſeful arts ſucceed;
But then again, it gives us pain,
To ſee them—fools indeed!

LXI.

Behold yon group of pompous beings,
Stalking forth ſo proudly there!
Whilſt reaſon yet retains her ſeeings,
Theſe no cordial *brothers* are!
Fearful Dependants, now and then,
In flattery, ſtile them – *Demi-gods*;
But ſhrewd good ſenſe marks – *puny men*,
And of mock chiefs, moſt ſorry rods.

LXII.

Lacquelius, bruſh'd his maſter's ſhoes,
The mother *ſtoop'd* his whore;
And that the lad no vails might loſe,
My lord did ſomething more:
He rais'd him, in an exciſe houſe,
His public ſins to grace;
That when he'd bruſh'd off every louſe,
The Devil might yield him place.

LXIII.

Saltonis, leacherous and proud,
Exceeds low proſtitution;
Altho' compaſſion is allow'd
His *crazy* conſtitution:
The fellow ſtorms, with ſuch controul,
'Twou'd vex a Tommy Noddy;
Whilſt ſo he ſtrives, to turn his ſoul
As crazy as his body.

LXIV.

Dark as his trade, Minerius comes,
All puffing, and all blowing;
Juſt drawn to bank, from dreary glooms,
And now to *roaſt* is going:
Dreſt in his character, quite fair,
We own the collier's guide;
But, beſt of tempers cannot bear,
Minerius in his pride!

## LXV.

As cunning Reynards know their holes,
So *knaves* have all their paces;
They'll even ſmile, while they cajole,
And *ſkrew* their double faces:
And, juſt like him, who talent hid,
The *fool* his reaſon uſes;
He will not be by morals led,
But vice or folly chuſes.

## LXVI.

That man is dying;—people ſay,
When Pluto walks the ſtreet;
But Quaker Thomas, anſwers, Nay,
That man is Nature's cheat:
Full health and vigour in his mind,
But *dreads* the world ſurprize him,
He lives a *foe* to human kind,
Old Nick cannot diſguiſe him.

LXVII.

At length, Old Jew, to nature true,
The mortal tribute pays;
Within his till, appears a will,
Which the laſt ſigh betrays!
How joy'd his heir! what ſmiles! what ſtare!
To ſee the wretch once kind;
His counted plumbs, and hoarded ſums,
Were *really* left behind.

LXVIII.

Poor Miſer Plot, reſign'd his breath,
Becauſe he could not keep it;
But then—to ſave his gold from *Death*,
He will'd his heirs to ſweep it:
With brooms *quite new*, they topt each heap,
As pyramids to praiſe him;
Invoking warm, the fates to *keep*,
And never more to raiſe him.

## LXIX.

Wealth can the World's eſteem command,
So moral poets ſay;
But ſtill ſome ſmall exceptions ſtand,
Quite flagrant every day:
See Fungo there, from dunghill rais'd,
With half a plumb about him;
By never a *wiſe* man is he prais'd,
And fools and knaves but flout him.

## LXX.

Fortune, for ſome, performs too much,
As ſeems wild Fungo's ſtate;
Whoſe life, 'tis difficult to touch,
At once ſo proud and great!
Be rich,—ſhe cry'd—as quick as thought,
The words ſucceſsful ſped;
But when ſhe turn'd his *thread-bare* coat,
She alſo turn'd his head.

LXXI.

I have been young, and now am old,
And always found it ſo;
That nought more powerful is than gold,
In civil ſtates below:
It *moſt* can buy; excepting health,
Unleſs the mind's diſtemper'd;
And then, indeed, the more his wealth;
The more the man is hamper'd.

LXXII.

Whilſt wealthy Florus keeps complaining,
Tho' with roſy health ſo bleſt;
There is from Satyr no refraining,
Human blame ſtands ſo confeſt:
Who health, and wealth, their own can call,
Whatever ſcenes ſucceed;
If ſweet Contentment crowns not all,
They are Devil's Imps indeed.

LXXIII.

See Rich Alonſo's ſecond ſon,
The youth abroad has been;
At Paris, many trophies won,
And many *ſights* has ſeen:
His father's dead! at home he bounds,
And is a wonder thought;
His pocket, worth ten thouſand pounds,
His head,—not worth a groat!

LXXIV.

Fox, comes to Capper's, wants a cap,
The makers nicely hit him;
Fox, wants his wit, or caſh, perhap,
So ſwears it does not fit him:
Juſt ſo, when Titus Caps hath dreſt,
That pelf, or praiſe, may crown him;
The men whoſe heads he fits the beſt,
Are ſure the leaſt to own him.

## LXXV.

When first dear Peg Tom's fancy drew,
He thought it blooming spring;
As smiles and kisses charming grew,
He rose on summer's wing:
When Hymen's happy moments told,
Rich autumn was his strain;
But Peggy turning errant scold,
'Twas freezing Winter then.

## LXXVI.

Those ladies there? so pert, yet fair,
What mean they by their flirting?
Have hearts been croft? is *something* loft;
Or are the flames expiring?
Ye flirting things, whence folly springs,
Why thus ye sense and reason?
Ye surely know, your rank is low,
Mere *butter-flies*, in season!

LXXVII

The Belles are ſet, the Beaus are met,
Romances ſpread before them;
The tea is brought—and then for *thoughts*,
To make the wife adore them:
A POET ſly, gets ſnugly nigh,
In hopes of ſomewhat gaining,
But ſenſe, nor wit, adorn that pit,
So back he runs, complaining.

LXXVIII.

Whilſt Tibby was her maſter's maid,
She bore a vaſt controul;
Her tongue, each day, its larum plied,
To vex the good man's ſoul:
But when they married—ſtrange and true,
Her tongue was ſmooth and ſtill!
With pleaſure, neighbours ran to view
Such good, educ'd from ill!

LXXIX.

Oft Edward rails at Women's tongues,
Tho' reaſon on their ſide;
Yet likes to exerciſe his lungs,
With wondrous pomp, and pride:
At firſt I paus'd—in thought to find,
But ſoon appeared his choice;
He'll not be beat by women kind,
In nonſenſe—nor in noiſe.

LXXX.

Miſs Peggy can ſome beauty boaſt,
Has ſhape and air, indeed;
She is, with *bucks*, a favourite toaſt,
But Peggy cannot read!
Nor read, nor write; nor *think* at all,
Averſe to Wiſdom's rule;
A queen—ſometimes—at maſk, or ball,
Miſs Peggy is a fool.

## LXXXI.

The Peacock's plumage, all admire,
The fabled JUNO's choice;
But with diſguſt the moſt retire,
Whenever it *ſcreams* its voice:
So, when on Peggy's face we look,
The mind in fancy ſeeks:
But ſomething ſtarts, we cannot brook,
The moment Peggy ſpeaks.

## LXXXII.

Miſs Mariana, full eighteen,
What lovers round her throng!
Already has ſhe learnt the ſpleen,
And thinks the nights too long:
But Miſs, ſo weak in Wiſdom's plan,
So looſely hath ſhe trod;
That whilſt ſhe *dreams* of charming man,
All ſee ſhe wants a rod.

## LXXXIII.

Smart Sapholinda—hair quite grey,
Her years juſt—ſixty-ſix;
Behold—the volatile, and gay,
Around the *virgin* mix:
What can ſhe teach them? tell me plain,
Why—Sir,—a wondrous ſtore!
To *act* the thoughtleſs, giddy, vain,—
I dare not tell you more.

## LXXXIV.

Some modern Coxcombs, puſt with air,
Become mere female railers;
Nor in their empty jokings ſpare
Their *friſſeurs*, or their *taylors*:
But to be plain, young gentlemen,
I pray ye, jeſt no further;
For when we've ſaid, by *ſuch* you're made,
'Tis neither theft nor murder!

LXXXV.

Two Raree-ſhows, or modern Beaus,
With modiſh girls about 'em;
Two barbers ſhy, were paſſing by,
When one began to flout 'em:
Hold, hold, Monſieur! cries Jack Tonſieur,
You ſhould good language give;
For 'tis well known, in every town,
You can't without us live.

LXXXVI.

Oft Dorcas ſaid, her ſpouſe lov'd drink,
And made it public known;
But if the man ſat down to think,
She pray'd him to be gone!
Go where? he cries—ſhe quick replies,
Good beer, at HUME's, they ſay;
Now this was done, quite out of fun,
That ſhe might have her *play*.

## LXXXVII.

Rude Dorcas ſcolded every day,
When help-mate manag'd wrong;
And tho' he's dead, her neighbours ſay,
They're peſter'd with her tongue:
What then can honeſt Satyr do,
In ſober grace to win her?
But let the Devil have his due?
For ſure the Devil's in her.

## LXXXVIII.

Poor Cimon's wife, ſeverely rails,
Becauſe he loves the *braker*;
But when with him the gallon fails,
He reels *ſtraight* home to ſeek her:
There, cloſely ſet with bunging Bet,
She ſeems in glee for Hymen;
They hand him glaſs, the jokes free paſs,
And de'il a word ſays Cimon.

LXXXIX.

You aſk what Parſon Peart believes,
His wealth ſo grows upon him?
And if he gives, as he receives,
That Charity may own him?
I know he loves the preſent tenſe,
At times, is frank and free;
But minds the *Bible* leſs than pence,
And ſo do more than me.

XC.

Proud lordly looks, and ſtomachs high,
King DAVID could not bear;
His dwelling place, oblig'd to fly,
They found no welcome there:
But Wolſey now, in *orders* true,
No moral caution brooks;
He ſhews quite bare, in houſe of prayer,
His ſtomach, and his looks.

XCI.

The corps is box'd, the clerk half fox'd,
The curate, warning ſent him;
But he is ſet, with friends well met,
No warnings ſhall prevent him:
He bids them wait, at temple gate,
In grave funereal forms;
'Tis fair at leaſt, *himſelf* to feaſt,
Before he feaſts the worms!

XCII.

Imperious Wolſey, feaſts each day,
His body, ſeems his ſoul;
For *this*, whilſt he neglects to pray,
With *cooks* he's cheek by jowl:
He ſlavers on, from courſe to courſe,
Each dainty diſh his care;
He takes for better, and for worſe,
How ſouls hereafter fare.

XCIII.

"Eat on, say I."—Thus SLOP will cry,
Nor heeds who else may starve;
Relations may, even watch and pray,
He means *himself* to serve:
Slop thus goes on, till all be done,
Or fed to brawn, or jelly;
He fears no rod—he has no god,
But that within his belly.

XCIV.

I will be rich, at any rate,
Cries worldly-minded FRAMES;
What's honour? justice? fame, or fate?
I think them merely names:
He blunder'd on, through cunning's skill,
And *cog'd* enough, 'tis said;
But long before he had his fill,
*Poor* Frames, was blunder'd dead.

XCV.

Both Vice, and Virtue, take their rounds,
With men of all relations;
But such a *wight* as JUDAS FOUNDS,
Is not in many nations:
Or vice, or virtue, or the fates,
He heads not, one or t'other;
This hour he'll *bleſs* the man he hates,
The next, he'll *curſe* his mother.

XCVI.

Rich PRICE took pains, in honeſt gains,
I thought the man was clever;
But ſtill I find, his ſneeking mind
Is full as *poor* as ever:
Alas! thought I, with many a ſigh,
What phrenzies can controul?
That men take pains, for mortal gains,
And yet neglect their ſoul!

## XCVII.

Robin! I see the pains you take,
To weigh the spurious copper;
And must at once confession make,
You are, indeed a topper!
But bring your molten conscience forth,
So *coin'd* from rule and square;
The beam will prove its actual worth,
More light, than lightest air.

## XCVIII.

Friend Decimal! whilst pains you take,
To keep that Ledger square;
O let it not your mind forsake,
That other accompts there are!
When schemes of trade, are lost in shade,
And can no more controul;
Well for you, to ballance true,
The Ledger of your soul!

## XCIX.

Alphonſo! I congratulate your joy,
Who can ſo wiſe retire;
Succeſsful, in a fair employ,
Your years ſome eaſe require:
And ſure you find, true peace of mind,
Whilſt moments wing their way;
By plans you've choſe, you nothing loſe,
Your're richer every day!

## C.

Good! juſt! and virtuous! who is he?
Can Titus make reply?
Yes—if through Reaſon's glaſs you ſee,
And dare the truth apply:
Such graces, form an honeſt man,
Whom all rejoice to ſee;
Nor have we far to ſearch, or ſcan,
For COLLINGWOOD * is he!

* Of Chirton.

CI.

Too few, just characters support,
In some important stations;
We need not mention Bench or County,
There wants no explanations.
The magistrate, a duty taken,
And ought at least to know it;
*Fain right* his principle he makes,
And always ought to shew it.

CII.

If magistrates the laws neglect,
Nor execute aright;
*Plebeians*, soon will drop respect,
And order vanish quite:
When power devolves on *shallow pates*,
The choice, what can we call it?
A sad alternative then waits,—
Better, had we none at all!

CIII.

To Butcher James, who kept a ſtall,
And lambs, and oxen, ſlaughter'd;
Astræa ſent judicial call,
So he at bench was charter'd:
Attornies ſtar'd, to ſee *ſuch* made,
They thought it Fortune's whim;
But looking round, they ſoon ſurvey'd,
More ſhallow pates than him.

CIV.

Blunt Marmaduke, was always dull,
At ſhop, or o'er the flaſk;
Not did he boaſt a wiſe man's ſkull,
Or any honours aſk:
But Better Luck bade chances riſe,
And *Sandgate* him with the gown;
So now he ſtruts, as great and wiſe,
As any chief in town.

CV.

Some country ſquire, is Juſtice made,
Who wages war at home;
His wife, and children, ſo afraid,
They ſeldom near him come:
But *Dedimus*, by law creates
Such guardians of our peace;
There's ſomewhat angry in the Fates,
Or wonders never ceaſe!

CVI.

For all our moral acts, and deeds,
We have account to give;
From whence the final doom proceeds,
By which we die or live:
What muſt thoſe ſenators then do,
Who *cruel* ſtatutes frame?
From venal, or from careleſs view,
Futurity muſt name!

CVII.

At fraud, and cozenage, we rail,
In great commertial lines;
And yet, ſome-how, thoſe imps prevail,
Where honeſty declines:
And other ſtrange amazements come,
O'er which we ſlip the veil;
What numbers thrive, by Rule of Thumb,
Where ſtrict accomptants fail!

CVIII.

Too many cut the *tinzel ſhow*,
And buz like flies about;
Till ſad *retailers* let them know,
Their *tick* is fairly out:
'Tis then they ſtare, and ſerious are,
But time is now too late;
They've ruin'd thoſe, who credit gave,
And ſo muſt ſhare their fate.

CIX.

Of all the tribes, our trade can boaſt,
The ſhop-retailers, ſure;
Oblige the wavering public moſt,
In groſs miſtaken hour:
They credit give, without a *gage*,
Nor can advice prevail;
'Till numbers curſe the trifling age,
Lamenting in a jail.

CX.

How inconſiſtent faſhions are,
To every thinking mind!
Much would our great forefathers ſtare,
Could now they look behind:
To ſee their ſons, and daughters join,
To plays, and farces ſtray;
For *theſe*, produce their ready coin,
For cloaths—neglect to pay!

CXI.

Excess of credit, hath been blam'd,
And warmly wrote about;
But still, the public, unasham'd,
By *fashion* hold it out:
Nor till those laws are all repeal'd,
Which feed the latent cause;
Fair traders' plaints can ne'er be heal'd,
So strong *bad custom* draws.

CXII.

Who cast their neighbour into jail,
Without fair *equity* requires;
Will find repentance 'self to fail,
When mortal rage expires:
What then must be stern Sapho's fate,
Who tortur'd honest Jo[illegible]!
We'll leave the Furies to relate,
When Sapho hence is gone.

## CXIII.

URZA, refuſed to be kind,
In one ſad trying hour;
The Furies ſteel'd her darken'd mind,
Becauſe ſhe had the power:
To jail, ſhe ſent the *blameleſs* ſon,
For father's wrong omiſſion;
Let Urza, when her ſands are run,
Beware a worſe condition.

## CXIV.

Old Wholeſale, *tear'd* his Retail Friend,
For goods to give him *orders*;
He yields—he fails—and what's the end?
A priſon, or its borders!
Now, Common Senſe! thy aid diſpenſe,
And ſhew the foul abettor;
Tho' laws be wrong, and power be ſtrong,
Of theſe, which was the debtor?

CXV.

A Houſe goes down!—which, many years,
Like Phœbus, bleſſings ſpread;
An agent with his law appears,
And peace from hence is fled:
The poor diſtreſt, in full arreſt,
Are ſent to jail—and die;
Agents! ſwear juſt, for ſwear ye muſt,
Where does the murder lye?

CXVI.

A great commertial Houſe goes down,
What crowds themſelves avail!
Their time is now—the rock to ſhun,
They *voluntary* fail!
A thouſand movements, in ſuch ſchemes,
Which public eye can't ſee;
But Satyr, ſearching cloſe for themes,
Diſcovery brings to me.

CXVII.

Nor care, nor diligence ſucceed,
Mercator's Bench was broke;
Againſt him, *banking tribes* proceed,
And doubled every ſtroke!
Thus will it be, with many more,
While certain laws remain;
Nor care nor diligence reſtore,
Where honeſty proves vain.

CXVIII.

There is an *evil* upon earth,
Where ſocial compacts reign;
Which from *Hades* had ſurely birth,
And POVERTY's the name!
Shame on that wayward race of men,
Who could ſuch laws preſerve;
Which give to one, the bread of ten,
And leave the nine to ſtarve.

CIX.

'Tis Peace! 'tis Peace! the herald cries,
See, milk and honey flow!
But thouſand's feel how much he lyes,
For no ſuch comforts grow:
Our ſtateſmen cater for themſelves,
They keep the loaves and fiſhes;
Whilſt we behold but empty ſhelves,
And far more empty diſhes.

CXX.

Of fools, and knaves we frequent read;
Without an explanation;
Though, in the buſy towns, indeed,
We daily have occaſion:
A *fool*—is one, who having brains,
Dares yet neglect the graces;
A *knave*, bad principles retains,
And cheats you to your faces.

CXXI.

Ralph quicker talks, than John can write,
He ſeems in lungs far ſtronger;
But if you'll mind, at morn or night,
John's language laſts far longer;
If ſo, give me the ready pen,
Keep you your talk in ſtore;
Poets, converſe with *thinking* men,
When tongues delight no more.

CXXII.

Is Luke quite wiſe?—ſays prating Ned,
The man ſo ſeldom talks?
Obſerving Titus, ſoon reply'd,
As wiſe a man as walks!
Go, bring him but one comrade true,
Improv'd in Wiſdom's ſtore;
He'll quickly make a fool of you,
And five times twenty more.

## CXXIII.

Scribendo, hath some clients rob'd,
And some few purses stole;
Through lengthened life, full nicely job'd,
Regardless of his soul!
Scribendo boasts, and let him boast,
His cleverness and riches;
On me, the mighty whole is lost,
I wou'd not wear his breeches.

## CXXIV.

Brisk Nimmo, was expert at law,
Knew well its quirks, and tricks;
It's various changes nice cou'd draw,
As fidlers, fidlesticks:
He cut off orphans, from their due,
He titles cut to nought;
Claims, clear as day, he cut away,
At last—he cut his throat.

## CXXV.

Who's that?—says Abraham the Jew,
To friendly ſmiling Titus;
A *ſoldier!* brave as ever drew,
Nor will he ruſhly fight us:
His name is GREY*—tell ISRAEL's ſons,
Spite of your *eyes* and *noſes*;
He is, as common conduct runs,
As good a man as MOSES.

## CXXVI.

Of friends, and friendſhips many brag,
And learnedly diſpute;
But timely ſhake them in a bag,
You'll ſee how they turn out:
In ſhoals, will come the fool and knave,
Where *ſelf* and *meanneſs* blend;
Now this—now that—now de'il knows what,
But not one faithful Friend!

* General Sir Charles Grey.

CXXVII.

Highty! tighty! what's pother?
Made about the copper coin?
Knaves and rascals charge each other,
Deepest in the base design:
The poor, and needy clear acquitted,
Rich, and *thriving* form the crew;
Happy were they all committed,
And at *Tyburn* had their due!

CXXVIII.

Safer to steal the horse, they say,
Than o'er the hedge to look;
The simplest swains learn this, each day,
They find, by hook or crook:
Some, overgrown in wealth, dare coin
Whole *hundreds*, without *milling*;
But if a beggar once purloin,
He's hang'd for one bad shilling.

CXXIX.

Yon fellow!—*suits the name of Cad*—
He lives beyond believing;
His knavish heart holds virtue vain,
He sees no crime in thieving:
He cheats his neighbour, robs the poor,
Exceeds exceeding rogue;
Tho' twenty villains crown'd his doors,
He proves the greatest rogue.

CXXX.

Where ever Virtue eyes a foe,
Where ever Graces point their loves;
With honest Satyr, pleas'd I'll go,
To act, and write, as Truth approves:
Too many, have with us made free,
And *squinting*, cast their *Caps* awry,
We'll fit such Noddles to a tee,
As *brows* will find it, by and by.

CXXXI.

I like to see thee—honest Joe!
So sprightly dost, and neat;
'Tis Sabbath morn!—thou mean'st to go,
Where pious people meet?
And take my word, kind youthful friend,
If Truth now reach thy mind;
Should age be lengthened in the end,
Thou'lt heavenly comfort find.

CXXXII.

As ice oft binds the river Tyne,
'Till we no keels can row;
So will it be in life's decline,
When blood can hardly flow;
Then, Simon! be our prudence shewn,
Now, let us *money* save!
That when these freezing hours are on,
Drooping life may comfort have!

## CXXXIII.

What is this Titus?—Readers ſay,
Who writes ſo free, and roundly?
He often jokes it by the way,
Yet ſometimes *ſpeaks* profoundly!
The muſe can tell—without a bluſh,
If you'll but ſpare his labours;
He is no better—pray be huſh,
No better that his neighbours!

## CXXXIV.

By freedom's happy impulſe drawn,
Old TITUS viſit changes;
He left us at the morning dawn,
And far from SANDGATE ranges:
He gains no wealth, but keeps his health,
Has Epigrams to ſpare;
If any chuſe, the man's plain muſe,
They'll find him—EVERYWHERE.

# TITUS EVERYWHERE.

More Epigrams!—his readers cry,
What can Old TITUS mean?
He has at once this quick Reply,
Life is at beſt a checker'd Scene!
Then wherefore ſhould he not contrive,
When worldly Friends refrain him;
To keep its *brighter* Shades alive?
Nor let the *darkeſt* pain him?

# OBSERVATION.

IT hath been remarked, by ſeveral of his Friends, and Wellwiſhers; that TITUS grows more grave, and ſolid, in his Expreſſions; as he advances EVERYWHERE: That his Obſervations are more general, and his Epithets more delicate, the farther he removes from the Neighbourhood of SANDGATE; not that they ever haſtily imagined, there could be any peculiar Influence in the Change of *Atmoſphere*; but rather from the greater Variety of Incidents, and Character, in the World at large. It affords ſome agreeable Ideas, to be convinced, that the laconic *Satiriſt* keeps invariably in Mind, the following admired Couplets of his great Maſter, and Superior, Mr Pope:——

"Curſt be the Verſe, how well ſo e'er it flow,
Which tends to make one *worthy* Man my Foe.
To Virtue only, and her Friends, a Friend,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend!"

# TITUS EVERYWHERE.

I.

COME, ſerious Satyr, come along,
Fair Truth, and humour by thee;
Let ſober ſenſe conduct the ſong,
And moderation try thee:
Sure *all* the Nine will not forſake,
When now my age advances
But ſtill ſome compenſation make,
For Fortune's ſtrange miſchances.

II.

I thank my ſtars; Old *Figleave* ſays,
I ne'er like Titus wrote;
In Trade I've barter'd all my days,
Nor car'd for verſe a groat:
Is this the language of thy ſoul?
The ſerious poet cries;
I muſt compare thee with the fool,
I cannot call thee, wiſe!

III.

Old Figleaf, who ſo ſlighted verſe,
At length found certain qualms;
The prieſt was ſent for—to rehearſe,
The clerk to ſing him pſalms:
But ſpirits *barter'd* quite away,
Calm dotage put in plea;
And all that they could ſing or ſay,
Was merely—*Lullaby!*

IV.

For Poets, Readers muſt be found,
And candid judges too;
Like ſtrongeſt ſenſe, or ſweeteſt ſound,
With Fame will never do:
But then theſe claſſes both ſhou'd be,
What ADDISON might chuſe;
Not like ſome modern's, whom we ſee
Juſt form'd by mere Reviews.

V.

If living amongſt books, wou'd do,
One might be apt to ſay;
The *Sellers*, ſure, fair Science know,
And all her heavenly way:
But take them in the groupe, you'll find,
Full nineteen in the ſcore;
To ethick Science weakly blind,
Not Indian Pagans more.

VI.

Unlucky poets bear the blame,
The critics, war commence;
If ever, careleſs of their fame,
They join not Sound with Senſe:
But, as it happens, frequent times,
That *one* muſt be ſuppreſt;
If ſuch omiſſions mount to crimes,
Sure, want of Sound is leaſt.

VII.

Points, ſtops, and commas, ſet aright,
Fault-finding Jude requires;
And I, who ſometimes dare to write,
Wou'd do, what Jude deſires:
But, as in muſic, and in rhyme,
Is ſkill, no methods teach;
So Jude muſt regulate *his* time,
If he can read, or preach.

VIII.

Authors!—let *Readers* have a word
With you, and your ſucceeders;
For all your pen appears a ſword,
It has its edge from Readers:
For tho' you give to virtue fame,
Which in full faith is granted;
Where are the deathleſs wreaths you claim,
If Readers once are wanted.

IX.

Thoſe principles, one age adopts,
Another quite explodes;
Thus, many a noble ſyſtem drops,
And Fancy alters Modes:
But, mind, ye poets! warm in flame,
Howe'er your genius range;
On Truth and Virtue build your fame,
For *theſe* will never change.

X.

Alonzo Chiques, the Spaniſh Bard,
Tho' *nobly* born, died poor;
Through *ſix-ſcore years*, met ſlight reward,
And yet, his fame is ſure:
So every poet, right inclin'd,
Who dares to Virtue live;
Will reap a treaſure in the mind,
Beyond what Worlds can give.

XI.

Poets, indeed, are sometimes odd,
They rove through fairy places;
But when firm Truth becomes their God,
They make us change our faces:
For then, our foibles large appear,
And they distinctly draw;
'Tis not the fool's, or great men's sneer,
Can dictate them a law!

XII.

Poets, themselves, must also die,
And come to Judgment too;
Not all those thoughts, which heavenly fly,
Nor muse's smile will do:
They must take care that Truth commands,
And prompt each serious part;
That they preserve unsullied hands,
With purity of heart!

XIII.

Young PARNEL, happy genius ſhews,
He has the Muſe's call;
But ſtrives to humour friends and foes,
In hopes to pleaſe them all:
Impoſſible! dear generous youth!
On virtue reſt thy fame;
Keep cloſe to everlaſting Truth,
Tho' kings, or peaſants, blame.

XIV.

Some of theſe Caps, ſo nicely fit,
Suit Titus, wondrous neatly;
And when his Foibles *Truth* can hit,
You'll ſee him bluſh, completely:
But when he's right, he *boaſts* his fame,
When wrong, he yields to cenſure;
Ambition never lifts his claim,
Beyond *Acarian Spencer* * !

* Author of the Acarian Shepherds.

XV.

What is this Virtue? Pompo cries,
Of which old Titus writes;
The modern Cynic, ſtern replies,
I'll ſet thy brain to rights!
Juſtice and Fortitude, go find:
Thoſe ſtranger gueſts to thee!
Prudence, and Temperance, bring to mind,
And *then* thou'lt Virtue ſee.

XVI.

Kirk-going Robin, often blames
The Printers, and their Devil;
He gives them rude approbious names,
But pray, Old Bob, be civil!
Had it not for Printers been,
Where then thy Commentators?
*Thy like*—the Bible ne'er had ſeen,
Nor men of ſenſe, Tranſlators,

XVII.

I've heard ſome Patriots idly blame,
And looſely talk of Printers;
Without whoſe aid, their rock of fame,
Had long ſince all been ſplinters!
For what would Britiſh Freedom be,
On which they reſt their boaſt;
If Printing Preſſes were not free?
In Tyranny how loſt!

XVIII.

'Twas wonder'd much that Doctor B—
Should ſo diſperſe his learning;
And vainly ſtrive to charm a town,
Whoſe people want diſcerning!
But Doctor B——n, he wou'd go on,
And deviate from his line;
He would—in ſpite of ſacred ſong,
Throw pearls before the ſwine!

XIX.

With some, even learned Pyz don't preach,
To please their wandering mind;
Bright Truths, their senses never reach,
In ignorance so blind!
Wilful neglect, in early days,
Now stupifies their soul;
They shun Religion's peaceful ways,
Regardless of the whole.

XX.

One thousand volumes, Paul has read,
His Friends will tell you so;
Lord bless us! what a furnish'd head?
Cries shrewd observing Joe:
No doubt it is, his Chum replies,
And teams with knowledge true;
But whether be, Fool, or Wise,
The Public never knew.

XXI.

Philanthropos, midſt ſitting age,
His SPENCER'S* life hath wrote;
Him, dull Critics ſince engage,
To hinder him a *groat*:
But let ſuch Critics take their breath,
And hear Defendant's claim;
They cannot *ſtarve* that bard to death,
Who lives in Spenſer's name.

XXII.

Proud Wolſey, ſtill in envy rife,
Officious friendſhip blames;
That ſimply writes a *plain* man's life,
Which ſmall diſtinction claims:
But here the ſerious ſecret lies,
In Wolſey's pride, 'tis ſhewn;
A good man's life, his Envy eyes,
He dare not write his own!

* Author of Acarian Shepherds

## XXIII.

*Flash,* comes along to *David*'s shop,
All eager for New Books;
He turns o'er each, without a stop,
And scarce one moment looks:
I wonder'd much, he did not read,
I thought it strangest foible;
Somebody whispers—Sir—indeed,
Flash never reads his Bible!

## XXIV.

They say, that smirking Tom is wise,
He shews it in his looks;
On other's Works, can criticize,
But never *reads* a book:
No wonder, this—Old Titus cries,
'Tis neither rare, nor new;
You'll find a number, just *like wise,*
In every Month's Review.

XXV.

I've been at Grammar School, says Ned,
And gain'd great learning there;
Both Greek, and Latin authors, read,
With many a volume fair:
But if you name to Ned—a *book*,
Or talk of writing sense;
Away runs Ned; and you may look
For Ned—a twelve months hence.

XXVI.

George, just arriv'd complete from School
Each classic author read;
Soon as he meets the World's vague rules,
He finds, a want of Head!
More knowledge, yet, must be obtain'd,
He can't without dispense:
Another book must be explain'd,
The book of Common Sense.

XXVII.

If 'tis the Social Stage, you mean?
Then, George! take my advice;
Or all the learning you have seen,
Will never make you wise:
Experience is the Test! you'll find,
To square your actions clever;
First know thyself,—and then mankind,
Or act the *fool* for ever.—

XXVIII.

If civil manners make the man,
Or else he walks unfinish'd;
We need not stare at Pharo's plan,
Who seems so far diminish'd!
Three thousand pounds a year, they say,
Who know it to a tittle;
He looks indeed *full large* that way,
But is—in manners, *little.*

XXIX.

From travels come—young Lord's at home,
Hath been through Courts, and Nations;
But, what ſeems ſtrange—ſo pleas'd to range,
He now forgets Relations:
Old Titus hears—with Truth he clears,
Nor ſtumbles on pretences;
This modern lord, in juſt accord,
Has travell'd through his Senſes.

XXX.

How pleas'd Lord Fanny came of age,
O'erjoy'd, the liſts to enter!
In all the games, which ſo engage
Young lords, who dare to venture:
Grey ~~hairs~~ *hairs* come on—What hath he done,
To ſerve his king, or nation?
Why this—or that—or lord knows what,
Through lines of Diſſipation!

## XXXI.

The days are lengthening, VISTO cries,
Whilſt morning gilds the waves;
Before 'tis noon, weak Viſto hies,
To league with fools and knaves:
Whilſt hollow hearts, and ſhallow heads,
Can thus his ſenſe perſuade;
Tho' charming lengthening day-light ſpreads,
Weak Viſto's loſt in ſhade.

## XXXII.

On tender ſprays, when buds appear,
Which tell the riſing ſpring;
Some moments Viſto lends an ear,
To what the wiſe may ſing:
But ſoon as knaves or fools invite,
To ſaunter, or cajole;
We ſee befroze, in winter quite,
The Functions of his Soul!

XXXIII.

All talents have, and muſt improve,
For ſuch is Heaven's will;
The poor, by beſt endeavours move,
The rich, be richer ſtill:
Then Viſto! why ſo condeſcend,
Whilſt *ſenſe* and *fortune* bleſs;
With fools and knaves your time miſpend,
To make thoſe talents leſs?

XXXIV.

Like will to like, in every ſtate,
In all conditions through;
This, high and low, and ſmall and great,
At times acknowledge true:
If Viſto then wou'd ſave his ſenſe,
To uſe his fortunes right;
He muſt without his fools diſpence,
And put his knaves to flight.

## XXXV.

See Maſter Tommy, twenty-five!
Improv'd in *boyiſh* ſport;
He keeps the faſhions all alive,
Round villa, town, and court:
But, when will maſter Tommy ſit,
That Wiſdom may receive him?
Why, truly, anſwers ſome arch Wit,
When breath, and whimſies leave him.

## XXXVI.

*I have loſt a day!*——'twas nobly ſaid,
Echo, of the nobleſt mind!
By warmth of *active* Virtue led,
To Goodneſs' ſelf reſign'd!
Alas! how many adverſe ſtray,
Who Goodneſs cannot boaſt;
But, trifling, in the modiſh way,
Whole months—whole years have loſt.

## XXXVII.

'Tis wrong, to *wish* for length of days,
Unleſs from *good* deſire;
That we may add to Virtue's praiſe,
And after Truth enquire:
For what are threeſcore years and ten;
If Vice and Trifles guide?
Sure happier far, thoſe younger men,
Who have *untainted* died.

## XXXVIII.

Old Nepos, ninety years hath ſeen,
And ſtill preſerves his *ſenſes*;
O how delighted had I been,
Were theſe not half pretences;
But when I came to plumb his Mind,
In ſearch for Science rare;
Faint all the Knowledge I could find,
No moral Treaſures there!

## XXXIX.

See! veſſels from yon harbour flow,
Whilſt ſome are making in;
Theſe, perhaps, conſign'd to go
Where thoſe have lately been;
So *Birth* ſteers out its myriad race,
Death's myriads nearer come;
Time's ebbs, and flows, keep conſtant pace
With mortals—out and home.

## XL.

What's pride? what's grandeur? notions vain
When Death becomes the theme;
The oldeſt man, is but a child,
The longeſt life, a dream:
Then why does Pompo vain ſuppoſe,
That he was born to rule?
While Paſſions are his greateſt foes,
Is Pompo not a Fool?

XLI.

Proud Pompo, will no reaſons give,
To ſervants—turn'd away;
With him—they muſt no longer live,
Is all, he'll deign to ſay;
To thee, proud Pompo! Death will come,
With warning—by and by;
Then turn thee out, to ſeek a tomb,
Without one reaſon why!

XLII.

To ſome proud Lords, and landed folk,
Would you preſume to ſpeak;
They'd ſend you off, with ſuch a joke,
You'd feel it for a week:
Their *humbler* ſtewards, you muſt count,
Without for-why, or when?
A paradox will anſwer for't,
Their Maſters *are* their Men!

XLIII.

Sir Francis, and his tenant John,
Each other's note compare;
Tho' rack'd in rent, and hard put on,
John lives; and has to ſpare:
With full three thouſand pounds a year,
The Knight is ſhort in plan;
Truth, ſearching through, demonſtrates clear,
That John's the richer man.

XLIV.

His half year's rent, John punctual brought,
And made the Knight a bow;
He ſaid, he long had had a thought,
And would declare it now:
"Landlords, and Tenants, equal were,
"In one great rent to pay;
"He wiſh'd that *both* might then prepare,
"For that important day."

XLV.

His nettings, fiſher George long drew,
Sholes, after ſholes, he caught;
Till Death came hauling for his due,
And made poor George his draught!
Death fiſhes on, thro' various ſhapes,
In vain it is to fret;
No fiſh, or fiſherman, eſcapes
His all-incloſing net.

XLVI.

If man is ſurely born to die,
As every day is prov'd;
Can any *doubt* that GOD on high,
By whom the change is mov'd?
In life's beginning, and its end,
The Truth is plain and free;
There needs no learning to defend,
Our common ſenſes ſee!

XLVII.

Imperial Monarchs, wars may wage,
And mightieſt ſcepters wield;
But when with Death they cloſe engage,
How ſoon they quit the field?
Some empires riſe, whilſt others fall,
Ambition ſcarce takes breath;
But vain are mortal triumphs all,
The Conqueror, is Death!

XLVIII.

The hand of Death, we frequent blame,
Which takes ſome neighbour from us;
But when in latter days he came,
And forc'd away *cross* Tomas;
His friends they met, not much to fret,
They drew this kind concluſion;
In any ſhape, did *ſuch* eſcape,
The world wou'd be confuſion.

## XLIX.

How ſome Folks grieve? if you believe
That grief conſiſts in Tears;
Whene'er they come, to face the tomb,
Or cloſe attend the biers!
But if you hearke, to Prieſt or Clerk,
So *careleſs* in the thrall;
Obſerve them pray, or ſing, or ſay,
Death ſeems no grief at all.

## L.

When good Philonſo life reſign'd,
Kinſmen and ſons forſook him;
His *menials*, in their duty kind,
To humble grave betook him:——
This is High Faſhion—GENTRY ſay,
But TITUS, far more nice is;
I cannot, Gentry! praiſe your way,
The practice, ſure, a Vice is.

LI.

Where is Affection? tell me, where?
When friends, or kinſmen die;
If humble duty, then we ſpare,
Or laſt kind office fly?
Rather, like *Joſeph*, let us come,
To make our love diſplay'd;
In love prepare the decent tomb,
And *ſee* them decent laid.

LII.

Avaunt! ye narrow-thinking men,
Whom Chance, by chance has rais'd,
One height beyond the *midling* line,
And turn'd your noddles craz'd!
Whatever whimſies, great folks take,
You are ſure exact to have;
Meanly your beſt of friends forſake,
Nor bear them to the grave!

## LIII.

Ye nameleſs, wrong, ungrateful hoſt,
What reaſon can you give;
Why ſoon their memories are loſt,
By whoſe *bequeſts* ye live?
The Cauſes, Satyr beſt can prove,
She ſpeaks without controul;
They could your Poverty remove,
But not your want of Soul.

## LIV.

I praiſe you, *Dockwray* *! tho' unknown,
Your gratitude I've ſeen;
When in the Temple's awful doom,
My time has ſerious been:
The poliſh'd marble, ſhews your ſenſe,
I call to mind your Friend;
The juſt *eulogium*, you diſpence,
All—who knew him, muſt commend.

* Doctor Dockwray—Newcaſtle, his Monument to the Memory of his Uncle; in St. Nicholas' Church.

## LV.

How many judge by outward ſhow,
And think of men, by faces?
Nay ſome, whom *Harriſon* may know,
Chuſe Watches, by their caſes:
But Titus will not thus aſſay,
Of men, or time, the tally;
He takes a far more *antique* way,
Nor heads, tho' Moderns rally.

## LVI.

From people's dreſs, we little know,
Nor can of manners judge;
Some grand, ſome plain, ſome midling go,
Some, forc'd in Rags to trudge!
Vain Nimrod, ſo bedaub'd with lace,
Is *weak*, for all his boaſt;
Whilſt Cato, in bare-elbow caſe,
Is wiſe, and learn'd as moſt!

LVII.

How many pictures, HOGARTH drew,
Where we admir'd his parts!
In thoſe unknown, and thoſe we knew,
He Maſter was of Arts!
But had he drawn, on plate, or leaf,
Their lives, in letters fair;
Some had excited human grief,
And more had made us ſtare.

LVIII.

How comely looks that picture there?
We know the man full well,
Acknowledg'd handſome, everywhere,
He does in *form* excel;
But if Biography deſcends,
His *Life* to let you read;
*That* will be deem'd, by Virtue's friends,
An ugly One indeed.

LIX.

Pompo, hath impudence enough,
To jeſt at Holy Scripture;
Becauſe His Worſhipful, forſooth,
Can't bear a ſerious ſtricture:
But let all Pompos learn in time,
Before the laſt deſpair;
That *Scripture* forms the true Sublime,
For Truth inhabits there!

LX.

If ſacred Scripture tells us true,
And there's no Cauſe to doubt it;
Then what, alas, muſt numbers do,
Who widely ſtray without it?
Its laws, and maxims, ſet at nought,
They live prophane and jolly;
'Till helpleſs to the grave they're brought,
So dup'd by Vice and Folly!

LXI.

Religion's Doctrine, in his mouth,
The letter'd Maho takes;
Yet, turning profligate to Truth,
He wilfully forſakes;
O tread not in falſe Maho's line,
Nor be a weak complier;
Religion ſpeaks the Truth Divine,
Though Maho acts the Lier.

LXII.

Philippo, thinks he preaches well,
And prides himſelf upon it;
Becauſe he hears ſome people tell,
How nicely he has done it.
But ſee his Congregation ſtraying,
Each as empty Faſhion rules;
So that all he hath been ſaying,
Only forms—a ſect of Fools!

## LXIII.

Lord bliſs us! how religious grown?
How holy, Matthew's talk?
Who lately ſcarce a *God* wou'd own.
When he cou'd *ſober* walk;
But now, for ever in a dream,
For ever *drunk*, forſooth;
Religion is his favourite theme,
He keeps it in his mouth!

## LXIV.

Indeed, Friend Tomkin, tho' demure
You look with lengthen'd face;
I cannot make my Faith quite ſure,
You feel the inward Grace!
You talk of Duty towards GOD,
Yet Neighbour's Duty ſlight;
You're wrong, through all Religion's road,
An errant Hypocrite!

## LXV.

Alerto, preaches pretty well,
As certain hearers ſay;
In decent language, clear can tell,
Which is the righteous way;
But often he delights to roam,
And act reverſe in life;
His Own, he leaves half-mop'd at home,
And ſeeks ſome Neighbour's Wife.

## LXVI.

It makes one ſmile, to hear ſome talk,
Of Principle, and Honour;
Who follow Vice, in every walk,
With all her ſins upon her;
We hear them lie, we ſee them cheat,
We feel how nice they ſmuggle;
With cunning how they match deceit,
Till Death winds up the juggle.

## LXVII.

Two Reverend Doctors of the North,
In seeming friendship grown;
Of equal learning, equal worth,
Hold tenets of their own:
THIS—flings it high, as Pride can fly,
Nor fears Affliction's rod;
THAT—putting Ostentation by,
Walks humbly with his GOD.

## LXVIII.

Of all, who leap Religion's hedge,
Dark Hypocrites are worst;
Both Truth and Decency, they pledge,
To be the more accurst:
For strange Deceptions, still they meet,
As is the case with Elves;
The more they strive the World to cheat,
The more they cheat themselves.

## LXIX.

Pert maſter Plump, believes he's right,
He ſucks the ſtrangeſt Notion,
That Truth, and Grace, and inward Light,
All center in Devotion:
His Neighbour's Houſe, he covets oft,
Then *takes* it o'er his Head;
Zeal, keeps his brawny creſt aloft,
Nor deems it wrong he did.

## LXX.

With *Tongue-Religion, pious* Faces,
Hypocrites, like bugs, will ſwarm;
If aught be ſtirring, at his GRACE's,
They'll keep his Ears, and Larders warm
Wretches theſe! miſchievous growing,
Bane of ſweet domeſtic Peace;
Through great Houſes, coming, going,
Tittles, Tattles, never ceaſe.

LXXI.

A groupe of fashionable Folk,
Round Ring, at Hyde Park, rode;
On friends in need, they pass'd a Joke,
And seldom worship'd GOD!
Of Time, and Death; one chanc'd to speak,
Replies, in Vollies flew;
*To be too early grave, is weak,*
Quite out of Fashion now!

LXXII.

Dames, Princes, Nobles, Concubines,
With brilliance deck the mall;
From painful thought, the taste which shines,
Exonerates them all:
If Truth, or Virtue, chance appear,
They must decamp to-day;
For Dissipation's Regent here,
And will command the way.

## LXXIII.

Three Livings, and a Golden Stall,
Does plump-fac'd JUDAS fill;
Yet ſeldom tends his Sheep at all,
E'en wander where they will!
If Judas hath not Conſcience loſt,
He ſhould not Airs put on;
Nor idly of *Four* Livings boaſt,
Who hardly merits *One*!

## LXXIV.

There are—we ſpeak it to their ſhame,
Whom Bleſſings cannot bleſs;
Still poor, with Riches, Health, and Fame,
They languiſh for Exceſs:
For Such, as thus abuſe Free Will,
What ſhall gracious Heaven do?
In Charity, we Names conceal,
But Such there are—and not a Few.

## LXXV.

To kill dull Time—ſee, DIVES chuſe
His full ſurrounded Tables;
Nor would one moment's pleaſure loſe
On thought—which ſo diſables:
Oh, poor indeed! midſt all thy wealth,
Thy pride and follies round thee;
How can'ſt thou ſlight thy Soul's beſt Health,
To let the World confound thee?

## LXXVI.

What Bleſſings, Providence has ſent!
What Bleſſings daily fall!
Yet half the World are diſcontent,
Becauſe not bleſt with All:
This, Satyr ſees, with ſtern ſurprize,
She blames the *graceleſs* Crowd;
For oh! what fatal Miſchiefs riſe,
From Man's Ingratitude!

LXXVII.

If Virtue be the road to bliſs,
As wiſeſt Authors ſay;
Whence then the ſtrange Hypotheſis,
That points ſome darker way?
See crouds of Parents, floundering on,
Through Folly's bubling ſtreams;
Whilſt Children marking what they've done,
Purſue the like Extremes.

LXXVIII.

A Maſter!—I have none, cries Ben,
Nor bluſhes, when 'tis ſaid;
For nearęſt neighbours ſhrewdly ken,
He never found a Head;
But further ſtill, Old Titus goes,
And bold the Truth maintains,
That many a Simpleton he knows,
With neither Head nor Brains.

## LXXIX.

Sempronius, thinks himself quite wise,
And that Friend Rollo fails;
His neighbours see through thin Disguise,
How sneaking Pride prevails:
Rollo, and Sempronius, both,
Seem *Infants*, fit for school;
Tho' *this*, in Folly keeps his growth,
And *that*, is wax'd a Fool.

## LXXX.

Give me the moral Honest Man,
Without regard to station;
Whose Life and Conversation can,
Add Lustre to a Nation:
The noblest Work of heavenly love!
If Fortune smile, or low'r,
O let his Heart in consort move,
Nor part us—till the Mortal Hour.

## LXXXI.

Alas, how luckleſs Nepos ſeems,
With all his fund of years?
Money, ſtill awakes his Themes,
Where reſt his Hopes and Fears:
Though much hath been unjuſtly got,
By ſmugling, wondrous ſly;
He conſtant hopes for more, in thought,
And only fears to die.

## LXXXII.

As GARRICK, and ſuch Men renoun'd,
For acting well their Parts;
At *cloſing* ſcenes, were always crown'd,
'Twas then they fix'd our Hearts;
So, on our Human ſtage the ſame,
With Men of Worth conſeſt;
If *Conduct* ſeal not then their Fame,
Farewell to all the reſt!

LXXXIII.

Than lov'd Alonzo, good and wise,
No better Mortal breath'd;
This plain Eulogium, none denies,
All own'd it whilst he liv'd:
But since his Death, Opinions crowd,
To mark his Conduct ill:
For Mischiefs deluge all his Good,
From having made no *Will.*

LXXXIV.

Forgive, sage Young! if Truth I view,
And here that Truth apply;
Some men live Fools, with Fashion's crew,
And Fools resolv'd can die:
There are, the Rich, the Lov'd, the Gay,
Who seldom ballance aught;
Omissions cloud their shortest Day,
While *Wills* are quite forgot.

## LXXXV.

Who can the Paradox explain,
Why FINGERFIN ſo thrives;
Whilſt FREEMAN labours ſtill in vain,
And juſt but barely lives?
This, bold in Trade, drives *Smuggling* on,
That, will Nation-duty pay;
This, boaſts in age, of Fortune won,
That,—Nothing has to ſay.

## LXXXVI.

Of Better Luck, ſome Tradeſmen talk,
Who ne'er ſaw Luck at all;
For treading in ſome *beaten* walk,
Their Chances are too ſmall:
Take Courage, Lads, and Trade purſue,
Try utmoſt Care and Skill;
Luck, firſt muſt crown each *honeſt* View,
And after—*Better ſtill!*

LXXXVII.

Like Phœbus, *set* behind a cloud,
The good PHILONSO lay;
Whilst a low, quietter'd crowd,
Forgot his brighter Day:
But once the foul Opaque remov'd,
Philonso beam'd again;
By all the Wise, now doubly lov'd,
The Phœbus of the Plain!

LXXXVIII.

MARTHANIO, hath a Fortune gain'd,
And he seems glad to shew it;
Tho' not by Principle refrain'd,
He'd have the World to know it;
Like Phœbus' Beams, his Bounties flow,
Or some fallibrious Flood;
The Man is rich—we now all know,
Is rich in—doing Good!

## LXXXIX.

Good *Stafford*, ſure deſerves to live,
Amongſt the worthieſt brothers;
So prone his generous Heart to give,
He gives even *Life* to others:
He cannot bear to ſee in need,
Old Men of former Merits;
His Bounties ſoon the Thought ſucceed,
And ſoon *revive* their ſpirits.

## XC.

Reſt, honeſt GOWLAND *! till the Day,
When every Man muſt riſe;
Thou hadſt ſome Foibles in the way,
Thou wer't not *always* wiſe!
But Numbers, who now paſs thy Grave,
And ſnuff their Noſes high,
Will wiſh thy *cloſing peace* to have,
When 'tis *their* turn to die.



* A Gentleman late of Monkwearmouth.

XCI.

If Gratitude can lift to Fame,
Then PEMBERTON take mine;
It is your juſt and honeſt Claim,
Obtain'd by fair deſign:
You ſhone the welcome Friend in need,
I ſpeak for Times to come;
You pointed me the Way to Bread,
When I had ſcarce a Crumb!

XCII.

Wiſely diſcreet, who ſpeaks no ill,
Of any *good Man* living;
But bear to all a free kind will,
Forgiven, and forgiving;
Philanſo! ſurely ſuch you are,
Throughout the Social Plain;
Midſt Life's intruding Wrongs and Care,
The tender feeling man.

XCIII.

Nought earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
Fair Virtue's heavenly prize;
As ſung the *Windſor* Shepherd-Boy,
Who grew ſo greatly wiſe:
And yet in *buſy* life 'tis plain,
The pureſt boſoms feel;
A ſad variety of pain,
Which even *Peace* can't heal.

XCIV.

Baſelle, by his patron rais'd,
From hawking *Coals* about;
Sprung forth, in manner which amaz'd,
To riches and repute!
But when Misfortune ſpread abroad,
Which bruis'd that patron's head,
Baſelle ſunk a different road,
And from his patron fled.

## XCV.

It pains the moſt forgiving heart,
In cloſe reflecting Thought;
Calm Reaſon's Self muſt feel a ſmart,
From Benefits forgot:
But then, the truly-generous Soul
May joy, in doing good;
For Charity compleats the whole
Of Man's Beatitude.

## XCVI.

Some loudly talk of Friendſhip's flame,
But ſlightly paſs it over;
They're only conſtant in the Name,
Juſt like the roving Lover:
But he, who is a Friend indeed,
Will with his Friend partake;
Let Fortune's frowns, or ſmiles ſucceed,
His Heart can ne'er forſake.

## XCVII.

Some say, they never found a Friend;
What can such weak-ones mean?
Fair Truth and Falsehood, here they blend,
True Friends they've never been;
For had their Hearts once open'd fair,
Reciprocal in love;
Of Friendship, they had felt such share,
As times could not remove.

## XCVIII.

Good SPENCER's Tomb Stone*, faded fast,
The Letters sunk in shade;
Catherina, ey'd it as she past,
And had the whole remade!
That Spencers name might still survive,
And she herself, declare
Friendship, and Virtue, both alive,
Both living with the FAIR!



* In St. James' Church-yard, Clerkenwell, London.

## XCIX.

Ye lovely Fair! attend to Truth,
For Truth the Fact discovers;
Poets, still live in age and youth,
The warmest constant Lovers:
So faithful, to the Muses kind,
Their Hearts are always courting;
In every day, renewal find,
True Love is so transporting.

## C.

I heard, Belinday was in Love,
But past the notion over;
Nought did my counter faith remove,
From what I cou'd discover:
But since I caught her with the pen,
The sacred Muses round her:
With blushes, I confest it then,
For *deep* in love I found her.

CI.

Who looks on ſweet Sophronia's face,
And feels not nameleſs rapture?
Who hears not Muſic charm the place,
When kind ſhe reads a chapter?
But they, whoſe ſenſe can trace her pen,
How juſt, how fine ſhe writes;
*Tam*
~~Are~~, far exceed *ſublunar* Men,
In rational delights.

CII.

Senſe, and Benevolence combin'd,
I'm always pleas'd to ſee;
If brightening in a Lady's Mind,
No Bard more joy'd than me!
To Wearmouth-Shore—ſo ſlightly known,
The *Rara Avis* came;
And brought *Minerva's* Wreaths, full-blown,
To grace MARGRETTA's Fame?

## CIII.

Why does Belinda wear a mask,
When certain folks appear?
Ye hardly need the question ask,
For lo! the Reason's clear:
Wit, Beauty, Goodness, bless the Fair,
To Men of Sense reveal'd;
Where empty Fools and Coxcombs are,
They're better far conceal'd.

## CIV.

Portius and Amelia love,
But will not have it known;
By cautious Secrecy they move,
In methods all their own:
Those *speaking* eyes! whoever views,
Those blushes which so paint,
Need never run to ask the News,
Of Chronicle, or Saint!

## CV.

Bluſh not, ye Fair, at chaſte amours,
They nameleſs raptures bring;
The native Privilege is yours,
Ordain'd the *Fruit* of Spring:
I now am old, who have been young,
I joy, when youth is bleſt;
And only writes, what oft I've ſung,
Let Virtue guard the breaſt!

## CVI.

Yes, lovely Celia, all muſt own,
You've Charms to equal any;
Such, rarely ſeen combind in one,
And ſeldom ſhar'd by many:
'Tis Heaven's Will, you take your fill,
Of Love and Friendſhip pure;
But O take care, dear charming Fair,
Of Life's concluding Hour!

## CVII.

Bluſh not, young Maid, to be in love,
Whate'er the Mode, or Faſhion;
Since ſerious Men of Senſe approve,
With warmth, indulge your Paſſion:
Had Fool, or Knave, cajol'd your choice,
Your Friends might then look tame on,
But now aſſenting, all rejoice,
To find it fix'd on Damon.

## CVIII.

I wonder much, ſweet Celia cries,
Why Damon flatters ſo;
It is, ſaid he, my ears and eyes,
Which bid ſuch praiſes flow:
That Blaze of Beauty, far remove,
That Voice of Senſe, ſuppreſs,
Or ſtill, my Fair, you muſt reprove,
I cannot flatter leſs!

CIX.

In Wedlock, who for bleſſings ſeek,
Muſt firſt their hearts prepare;
Nor let their Judgment act ſo weak,
To treat Advice like air:
For Prudence muſt with Love be join'd,
If Happineſs you aim;
Or *faint* the raptures of your mind,
And *faint* the tranſient flame.

CX.

Who Wedlock enter, in *Free-Will*,
Shou'd lay this Maxim down;
An Honeſt Love is faithful ſtill,
Let Fortune ſmile or frown:
And tho' ſome checker'd ſcenes ariſe,
'Tis crimeful, to complain;
Or dare to charge the blameleſs Skies,
Since *Free-Will link'd* the Chain.

CXI.

Horatio, and Lavinia fair,
Whilſt ſingle, both were ill;
Tho' Pleaſures ſparkled everywhere,
A *Wiſh* was wanting ſtill:
When charming Love, with Friendſhip came,
In mutual Banes to join;
Behold, how permament the flame!
Their Happineſs—divine!

CXII.

With Fortune, Wit, and Beauty crown'd,
Clariſſa *reign'd* admir'd;
Her Beauty, Wit, and Fortune own'd,
Yet ſtill ſhe more deſir'd:
Philander ſaw—Philander join'd,
Like ſmiles in ſun-ſhine weather;
His Charms, his Wealth, his godlike Mind,
And now—they *reign* together.

## CXIII.

How ſtrange ſome Female tempers bind,
Whoſe charms ſecure our love?
Whilſt Fortune's golden ſhowers deſcend,
All gentle as the dove!
But if thoſe golden ſhowers abate,
Or Prudence bids to ſpare;
Thoſe tempers alter into hate,
Quite furious as the bear.

## CXIV.

Sweet Cordelia, when ſhe wed,
Her Temper ſo reſign'd!
Whilſt Fortune's ample bleſſings ſpread,
She bore an equal mind:
And now, thoſe bleſſings on the move,
Thro' Life's foreboding ill;
Sweet Cordelia wins our love,
Her Temper charming ſtill!

## CXV.

True love, with delicacy goes,
Nor ſhould they ever part;
For what but merely ſenſual flows,
Can never *bind* the heart;
Lavinia, charming as in youth,
Tho' many ſummers wed;
Preſerves her innocence, and truth
In modeſty diſplay'd.

## CXVI.

Ye, whom the Limner's genius warms,
Enraptured by the graces;
See there confeſt, their genuine charms,
Without a VANDYKE's traces:
In good Lavinia, all combin'd,
Whilſt Modeſty attends;
True worth and elegance of mind,
Have drawn her Virtue's friends.

## CXVII.

Kind Sapho, ſeem'd to Phaon true,
Whilſt fortune dealt him money;
Their loves in mutual tranſports grew,
All ſugar plumbs, and honey!
But when his riches took their flight,
His Sapho chang'd in paſſion;
No more can Phaon's charms delight,
She flutters with the faſhion.

## CXVIII.

When wife and huſband diſagree,
'Tis wrong to interfere;
Their pains, can any ſtranger ſee?
Or feel their hopes and fear?
When neighbours differ, SAM runs in,
With foppiſh airs to rule;
But SAM returns with all his ſin,
An intermedling Fool!

CXIX.

Palemon, and his Wife, I like,
They ſeem a ſocial Pair;
Yet, when their Portraitures we ſtrike,
What different lines there are!
He, goes to Church, once every day,
She, cares not there to come;
He goes from church, to cards and play,
She minds her work at home!

CXX.

Flavella, chuſes for her mate,
A youth ſhe fixt her eye on;
Without a title, or eſtate,
Or ſcarce a bed to lye on:
Her Friends, the haſty action blame,
Whilſt *his* rejoice like ſinners;
For hers, are loſers by the game,
But his, are greatly winners.

CXXI

Lord Cowper, took the Collier's Lass,
And to the altar led her;
Nor waited he for further grace,
But solemnly did wed her:
His friends all blame, and cry for shame!
Whilst *Colliers* bless the hour;
By Reason's light, they think him right,
Who thus hath serv'd the Poor?

CXXII.

You bid me freely speak it out,
Much honour'd POLIDORE!
I must obey you without doubt,
My Lord! be fool no more!
While sensual lusts, you make your feast,
You much mistake the plan;
You clearly act the Part of—*Beast*,
But not the——*Noble Man!*

## CXXIII.

Oh, Dear Chamont! how weak your claim,
Illicit love to prize?
'Twill never bring you health, or fame,
Nor fit you for the skies:
While yet you climb, in youthful prime,
Let Virtue warm your breast;
In spite of Fools, seek Virtue's rules,
All other Love's a Jest.

## CXXIV.

Fair Lady! why so rate yourself,
Above your prudent Neighbours?
You sure must know, our highest wealth,
Is but Reward for Labours!
Sure as a Drum, the day will come,
When Pride shall have its due,
Each *humble* heart, receive their part,
And be more *rich* than you.

CXXV.

Low Haughtineſs, and Vanity,
Create the Monſter PRIDE;
How wild, that man's inſanity,
Who lets ſuch Paſſions guide?
Empty, the grand diſtinctions here,
Beneath the ſoul's applauſe;
Ere long, with crawling worms our ſphere,
When Death the curtain draws.

CXXVI.

Old plodding Tom, kept *ſmugling* on,
Nor car'd what Truth might ſay;
At laſt he found, in duty bound,
He muſt his *Duties* pay:
For Death came nigh, with ſearching eye,
He ſhew'd what was to come;
No cunning Cheats, or low Deceits,
Can ſave him from his doom.

CXXVII.

Fruit Trees are clearest known by *Fruit*,
Good Men are known by Deeds;
Of this, no mortal ever doubts,
Who either thinks or reads:
So, when our vital sands are run,
When Judgment gives the call;
Then forth must come the *Deeds* we've done,
By which we stand or fall.

CXXVIII.

Yon pompous *Miller*, fit to burst,
With Pride, and Affectation;
He bids the Devil, do his worst,
He'll ape the gayest fashion?
Of *molter*, now, he has no need,
He *filter*'d much from many
And tho' not quite so wise in head,
He rides as proud as any.

CXXIX.

The pompous *Millan*, growing old,
His ſober thoughts ſurround him;
He thinks, his life has ſhone too bold,
Some doubts, and fears, confound him
He wiſhes, Double Molters now,
Would peace of Mind ſecure him,
That he had paid Religion's due,
And leſs oppreſs'd the Poor!

CXXX.

Old Shylock, keeps his memory good,
As moſt about him ſay;
He ſtill preſerves an equal mood,
In hoarding, or to pay:
But one thing needful, ſtill remains,
Whilſt moments ſwiftly fly;
He quite forgets—midſt all his pains,
Forgets—He is to die!

CXXXI.

Three mighty MONARCHS of the globe,
In grand debate begun;
Each dreſt in coronation Robe,
To prove, what feats they'd done!
Words riſing high, KING DEATH came nigh,
Announcing by the way,
"*To-morrow, all the three muſt die,*"——
They'd nothing more to ſay!

CXXXII.

To duſt or aſhes, filth or clay,
The loveliest form muſt go;
Then Cloe, why ſo falſely gay?
Why all that farce and ſhew?
With moderation, youth employ,
Whilſt Charms are in their bloom,
Of Love, and Friendſhip, ſhare the joy,
But mind the future Tomb.

## CXXXIII.

Too common now, in modern days,
For Brother to leave Brother;
Though melancholies cloud their way,
They will not ſerve each other!
But is ſuch brotherly love complete,
As ſacred Laws decree?
Can *ſuch*, at Heaven's Altar meet?
Impoſſible! to me.

## CXXXIV.

In duty bound to ſerve the Poor?
I cannot think—ſays Gaza;
Yet Scripture makes that Duty ſure,
Ah there's the killing Rub!
Thy hoarded ſums, which ſplended ſhine,
Were only *lent*—not given;
If breach of Truſt, ſhould then be thine,
How wilt thou anſwer Heaven?

CXXXV.

In many thousand acres rich,
Some Lords of Manors shine;
Yet covet still, to such a pitch,
For acres more they pine:
In light, and dark, as water mark,
They *dredge* for fellow-feeling;
They make a jest of folks distrest,
Their chief Delight is *stealing*.

CXXXVI.

A certain Lord, o'ergrown with wealth,
Who made the Poor to pine;
An *Ice House*, thought to build for health,
In cooling summer wine:
Why build at all? says Titus free,
My Lord, in whole or part?
In *Ice*, if any Virtue be,
You've Plenty at your Heart hard

## CXXXVII.

Young lordly Nimrod, boaſts each Day,
Of mighty Feats he's done;
At Chace—how often led away,
How oft at Races won:
His Pot-Companions, fairly beat,
And halloo'd through the wood;
He boaſts of many a ſumptuous Treat,
But can't of *Doing Goods!*

## CXXXVIII.

Behold, my Friend, a Contraſt true,
Sir James, and John, there paſſing;
Sir James, keeps heartfelt Peace in view,
Whilſt John is ſums amaſſing:
Sir James is poor in Purſe, we find,
John bears by Gold controul;
The Knight is rich, in Worth refin'd,
And John, quite poor in Soul.

## CXXXIX.

Tell me, ye Rich, when Life ſhall end,
When Gold no more can ſerve;
What lame Excuſe ye can pretend,
To let a Neighbour ſtarve?
If Honeſty be ſuffer'd long,
Midſt racking Want to lay,
Ye'll find yourſelves egregious wrong,
In ſome ſad future Day.

## CXL.

How ſay the Learn'd in Moral Ways,
Happieſt with the *Good* to dwell?
When Peter, in the *Tax-Houſe*, ſays,
He other Tales can tell!
He ſtarv'd, whilſt with the *Good*, we know,
Too frequent wanted Dinners;
Now rich and plump we ſee him grow,
With Publicans and Sinners!

CXLI.

What mighty Pother oft is made,
By High Grandees in Station?
Whilſt Midling Orders droop in ſhade,
That theſe may *graſp* the Nation:
A Moral Microſcope once brought,
The Poet, Conſcience eaſes;
And many, whom we *Giants* thought,
Appear like *Mites* in Cheeſes.

CXLII.

I've known ſome Chiefs, in public Stations,
Mighty Zeal for Country boaſt;
Who, after many exultations,
Found their Pride and Folly loſt:
For Poverty firſt brought them there,
And Poverty retains;
The PUBLIC GOOD, is not their Care,
'Tis *Self* and Selfiſh Gains.

## CXLIII.

Some, high in Office, frequent ſcorn
The pauper Crew below;
By Pride, and Ignorance, ſo torn,
They Common Senſe ſcarce know:
And yet, they're all of Selfiſh Kind,
Alike their empty derring;
Through the whole Barrel, you'll not find
One ſingle better Herring.

## CXLIV.

Some Clerks, and Deputies in place,
Aſſume romantic Airs;
Good Senſe, and PATRONS, they diſgrace,
Whilſt no good Mortal cares:
What fix'd them there, is known at large,
To name it, none need ſtumble;
'Tis only wiſh'd, they'd mind their Charge,
And act a little humble.

## CXLV.

Thoſe Friendſhips have but ſlender Root,
Which bare Profeſſions bind;
They gain not ſtrength of Stem to ſhoot,
Above the Mortal Kind:
Give me thoſe Friends, whoſe warmth divine,
Can cheer us to the Grave;
And fadeleſs, through dull Cares and Time,
Eternal Bloſſoms have.

## CXLVI.

I've ſaid, that Honeſty was beſt,
In Policy's plain Road;
And have this Faith of mine confeſt,
Before both bad and good:
But they who mean to thrive apace,
Muſt mind the Faſhions ſhone;
They'll ſee *Colluſion* rich in Place,
Where Honeſty has none.

## CXLVII.

Did Roman Virtue bind us all,
We Better Luck might ſee;
Where hapleſs numbers daily fall,
Through pinching Poverty:
*Rouſſeau*'s Remark might move us then,
Our tender Feelings touch;
As multitudes of *ſtarving* Men,
Whilſt ſome have far too much.

## CXLVIII.

With Fools, be ſure you ſopliſh *ſeem*,
But with the Wiſe, *be* wiſe;
You'll find in this one wide extream,
A ſaving Maxim lies:
How griev'd am I, when Clio talks,
When Fools about him throng;
Yet when with Men of Senſe he walks,
He moſtly holds his Tongue.

## CXLIX.

I ſee it touch, and grieve you much,
When Clio talks with Fools;
You think that then, he ſhould refrain,
From all true Wiſdom's Rules?
He might diſpenſe, with want of Senſe,
Diſcourſe like them, he ſhou'd;
I tell you plain, the atttempt is vain,
He cannot, if he wou'd.

## CL.

Flavia and Sophronia met,
A mild Diſcourſe began;
I liſtened to the kind Debate,
And thought the Moments ran:
At length the friendly Conteſt o'er,
My Mind I free expreſs;
I wiſh'd Sophronia had ſpoke more,
And Flavia had ſpoke leſs.

CLI.

Merit, by Envy ſtill purſu'd,
In every Age and Place;
By keeping ſteady to the *Good*,
Preſerves its native grace:
We know, learn'd MOISES preaches fair,
Tho' *Zoilus* different tell;
But all that Zoilus ſays, proves Air,
Learn'd Moiſes preaches well.

CLII.

Philanthro has his Foes on earth,
Like moſt ingenious men;
From dark Stupedity their birth,
Or yellow Envy's den:
*Infallible*, no Mortals are,
But *Juſtice* marks him for her own,
He preaches Doctrine ſound and clear,
And is for Senſe and Manners known.

CLIII.

Sopho ſays, in Stella's Mind,
She ſees no heavenly Grace;
Nor is the envious ſhe more kind,
To Flavia's beautious Face:
Yet ſtill the lovely Pair delight,
And bear a juſt controul;
This winning Fair One, charms the ſight,
Whilſt that hath won the Soul.

CLIV.

Tho' ſage Alphonſo ſleeps away,
Neglected by the World:
Forgot, his former brighter Day,
Thro' dark Misfortunes hurl'd;
The Man remains, in Moral Eye,
True, as the Dial to the Sun;
Nor Pride, nor Envy, can deſtroy
The *Good*, which he hath done.

CLV.

To ſee Eugenio *want* in Age,
Gives pain to ſerious thought;
—It moves the NINE's ſatyric Rage,
At what the Cauſes wrought:
And yet the dunciad graceleſs Crowd,
A ſlight Remorſe diſpence;
They ſee not baſe Ingratitude,
Nor yet their want of Senſe.

CLVI.

Of good Ryolto's Seat, ſo known,
I took a ſerious view;
Where Hoſpitality once ſhone,
We find, *Short Commons* now:
So have I ſeen, a beautious Cage,
Where ſweet *Canaries* thrill'd;
Bought by ſome Booby of the Age,
With *Tommy Noddies* fill'd.

## CLVII.

That dull Stupidity will catch
The Liveliest, in ſome places;
We need no Embaſſy diſpatch,
To aſk it of the Graces!
With Maltho, in his humble Cott,
Our Thought ſublimely paſſes;
But when to Rollo's Manſion brought,
We think of Fools and Aſſes.

## CLVIII.

It ne'er can vex an Author's Mind,
When Men of Senſe peruſe him;
Who meeting Faults of various kind,
Of right, may freely uſe him:
But when ſome Dolthead comes to ſtare,
Or wanton Judgment paſſes;
Nor Proſe, nor Poetry can bear,
To be review'd by *Aſſes*.

## CLIX.

Once out of Sight, quite out of Mind,
Cries heavy-ſighing Paul;
Plain Reaſon's many eaſy find,
Tho' he finds none at all:
The faſt Aſſociates of his love,
Were Scum of modern Schools;
Whom generous notions ne'er can move,
A Pack of ſenſeleſs Fools.

## CLX.

Caſtalio, leads a ſingle life,
He thinks it wrong to wed;
He ſhudders at the name of Wife,
Yet likes the Marriage Bed!
Caſtalio's rich, nay, ſome ſay, Wiſe,
But I decline belief;
For whilſt he ſteals another's Joys,
Caſtalio is a Thief!

CLXI.

Plain MATTHEW, roſe with ſober Senſe,
When Fortune prov'd ſo kind;
Nor ſplendid Shillings, Pounds, nor Pence,
Could caſt his equal Mind:
The Man was always calm, and plain,
He kept an humble Heart;
Joy at his Luck—who could refrain?
All round him ſhar'd a part!

CLXII.

When Curate AARON held his Place,
He ſeem'd to ſuit the ſtation;
Behav'd with Decency and Grace,
Nor ap'd high Prieſts of Faſhion:
But when to Dignities he roſe,
When Wealth came ſtreaming in;
He left Old Friends—created Foes,
Nor minds his Vows a pin.

## CLXIII.

To a Collage, Titus ventur'd once,
Amongſt the learn'd DEGREES;
And there he thought was many a Dunce,
For all their Common Pleas:
He imag'd to himſelf, *Fruit Trees*,
Believing he ſaw many;
But when he ſought for Grapes to pleaſe,
Alas! he ſcarce found any.

## CLXIV.

Old Titus would to DUNHOLME go,
So vaſt his Thirſt for Knowledge;
And that he might its Beauties know,
He firſt approach'd the College:
Luxurious Indolence lay nigh,
He ſhudder'd at the ſight;
But when Pontific Pride *puft* by,
He fairly took to flight.

CLXV.

To a Court of *Juſtice*, Titus came,
To hear ſome Special Pleaders;
For ſure, thought he, we'll find the Dame,
Amongſt ſuch righteous Breeders!
But when the Cauſe was open'd out,
That Quibbles roſe in Play;
Confounded then, he gave a ſhout,
And ſought another Way.

CLXVI.

That LONDON was a dainty Place,
A great and gallant City;
I oft have read, with ſmiling Face,
From GAY, the grave and witty:
Here had that Honeſt Man been now,
He'd lengthen'd his Proteſt;
For Life ſeems made, by Faſhion's Crew,
A Tragi-comic Jeſt!

CLXVII.

From Kingſington, to Hanging Dock,
If you'll the Streets ſurvey;
You'll weep at many Scenes, which ſhock,
At others,—laugh all day:
So interchang'd, our changes move,
Joys and Sorrows mutual are;
Pure Hymen joins illicit Love,
And Vice and Virtue link in Pair.

CLXVIII.

In London—longer your abode,
More Raree-Shows you'll ſee;
So many Punchinellos odd,
You muſt diverted be:
Low Life—perform'd above the Stairs,
High! wondrous High! below;
Farce, Folly, Nonſenſe, dance in Squares,
To grace each Puppet Show.

## CLXIX.

For Poets, London is the place,
If Reaſon join with Senſe;
And Fortune yield the chearing grace,
Of happy Competence:
For there—Variety they find,
In full exhauſtleſs ſtore;
With trueſt liberty of Mind—
Can even Kings have more!

## CLXX.

To London Town, LAMPOONO went,
He thought his Brain quite ſteady;
But ſoon return'd, all diſcontent,
With Head moſt ſtrangely giddy:
The ſilly Bard, had Senſe forgot,
Nor Prudence took to raiſe him,
No wonder then, his Thoughts were loſt,
The Faſhions ſoon wou'd *craze* him.

CLXXI.

Kind, courteous *Chaps!* receive your *Caps*,
Your *Actions* pay the Price;
If *well* you've done, let Virtue own,
If *ill*,—appeal to Vice!
The Maker feels himself in plight,
By keeping Truth's fair Line;
If Wrong you chuse, instead of Right,
It is no Fault of mine.

CLXXII.

Now, honest Satyr! let us part,
Long familiar have we been;
Old Titus, must prepare the Heart,
For Life's concluding awful Scene!
And Gentle Readers, fare ye well,
At least, some kind Remembrance lend,
*Philanthropy*, remains to tell,
That Titus was—and is your Friend.

# ORIGINAL PIECES.

## HUMOROUS EPISTLE.

AS full as much rejoic'd am I
As Lovers, who to lovers fly;
Whene'er a Letter comes from you,
My Friend! ſo chearful and ſo true:
Much honour'd am, by what you ſay,
And glad would give you all your way;
But then, this *genius* is ſo nice,
She will not follow *all* advice:
Long ſince, *Morality* ſhe wed,
And keeps that Idol in her head;
Triumphant o'er the paſſive heart,
They cannot now in reaſon part.

You ſay, "My Writings are too grave,
You want ſome merry glees to have;
Some puns—ſome jokes upon the times,
Sheer wit—in Hudibraſtic rhimes:
You'd have me ramble into life,
See Pride and Common Senſe at ſtrife:
Tell how the modiſh faſhion glares.
Above, and far below the ſtairs;
How ſome get rich by Politics,
And greater Cowds, by Knaviſh Tricks.
In ſhort—you'd have me laugh and ſing,
Nor ſtop—at Miniſter or King

I cannot do it——that's the Truth,
But rather than you faint, forſooth,
Come ſee my *Epigrams*——you'll find
Somewhat there, to pleaſe your Mind;
Once more my Glyn and Chatham read,
And then I'll give you *Songs*——indeed.

Mean time, the following ſtory *hear*,
You've neither ſpleen nor gripes to fear.

Once—yes once, upon a *Paſte-Egg-Day*,
Some Lords and Ladies met to play;
For then, ſuch paſtimes bore the bell,
Like old *Olympicks*: full as well;
And now, our gentry on the green,
Throng'd forth, to ſee, and to be ſeen.
Moment this, for aſſignation,
And all the courteſy of faſhion.

A poor *Old Woman*, paſſing by,
Gaz'd at the *Ring*, with curious eye;
Sometimes frowning, ſometimes ſmiling,
In thought approving—or reviling.
Not yet quite froze, by want or age,
Her fancy cou'd at times engage;
Her years might reckon eighty-five,
But Curioſity was ſtill alive:

She fixt her *Barnacles* to Noſe,
The better to obſerve the ſhows.

Diſcover'd ſoon—Some wags ſtept forth,
And aſk'd her, what ſuch ſights were worth?
What did ſhe think of genteel modes,
Where Half believ'd themſelves Half-Gods?
And t'other Half—ſo wondrous wiſe,
Believe that bliſs in *triſling* lies?
They beg'd that ſhe wou'd frank declare
What ſhe thought ſuch people were?

The grey-hair'd matron rub'd her eyes,
Then turn'd her glaſſes to the ſkies;
As if to catch ſome thought in cue,
To give them Truth, and Laughter too.
Next, humbly beg'd for ſome *Paſte Eggs*,
With leave to ſit,—to eaſe her legs.
Then down ſhe ſquats, and round they throng,
Impatient for ſome *joke-like* ſong;

Of eggs, they brought her number nine,
All nicely mark'd, and colour'd fine.
One, was blacker than the ſloe,
Another, white as driven ſnow.
Red, crimſon. purple; azure blue.
Green, pink, and yellow, roſe to view.
She cloſely *peal'd* them. one by one,
Broke this, and that, till all were done.
Then ſhrug'd her ſhoulders,--wav'd her head.
But not one ſyllable ſhe ſaid.

Amaz'd, at ſilence ſo profound;
The Quality preſs cloſer round;
And gently urg'd her, more and more,
To anſwer what they aſk'd before?
And how did one ſo ripe in years,
Eſtimate a life like theirs?
What ſemblance, worthy Obſervation,
Suited the Heirs of Diſſipation?

Whilſt ſhe, kept peeping up and down,
As ſeeking how their wiſh to crown
What had ſhe apropos to ſay
Of Perſons ſo ſuperbly gay?
"In troth—quo' ſhe, I'm ſhort and plain,
Long ſpeaking only gives me pain;
And faith I have ye, gentlefolks,
As clear in view, as whites or yokes,
So like thoſe Eggs—I can but ſmile,
In every caſt of light and ſtyle.
Your tranſcient colours, fleet as theirs,
Your *ſlimſineſs*, in ſpite of airs;
In ſubſtance, ſcarce more rare or new,
Some but *parboil'd*—and ſome *par-rotten* too;
Of little worth, in Wiſdom's Eye,
And thrown, at laſt, like Egg-Shells by."
They heard—they frown'd—but fled the green.
As if a Thunderbolt had been.

## HILL-HOUSE, *near* MONKWEARMOUTH.

(*12th October*, 1783.)

BRIGHT Phœbus ſmiles on HILL-HOUSE GRANGE,
Where now my ſteps incline;
The thoughts in ſylvan fancy range,
Whilſt peaceful joys are mine:

So ſweet this fine autumnal day,
So pure, in ſoftening glow;
Nor Spring, nor Summer's genial ray,
Could more delights beſtow.

O'er hills, and valley; woods and plain,
Nice auburn colours ſpread?
Variety revives again,
In checkered lights and ſhade.

Who ſees not rural nature's charms,
Which all her works diſplay?
How ſweet when vernal beauty warms!
How lovely in decay!

Weak all our human knowledge here,
Which would her courſe confine;
From age to age, from year to year,
She proves herſelf divine.

Round *Hill-Houſe Grange*, what views ariſe!
To feaſt the ſerious mind;
Thoſe ſouls which contemplation prize,
May here amuſement find.

The calm mæandering *Wear*, purſues
Through various ſoils its way;
And leaves the picturing thought to chuſe
Fit objects for the day.

ny Caſtle, *Hilton*, and thy groves,
May well the nine invite;
There grow the themes which honour loves,
And yield the brave delight.

Heroes of old, were long thy boaſt,
When martial valour ſhone:
Renown'd their deeds, from coaſt to coaſt,
To kings, and conquerors known.

Nor leſs in private life their claim,
So high in generous parts;
Poſterity may trace their fame,
In kind and noble hearts.

Not ſo thy modern praiſe excels,
The muſe contracts her wing;
Yet *One*, within thy manſion dwells,
Whoſe worth ſhe means to ſing.——

But now, *Hill-House* becomes my choice
For this moſt charming day;
I Nature view, and hear her voice.
Where Peace and Virtue ſtay!

Beneath yon humble roof combind,
They grace a youthful pair;
Whom ſacred Hymen lately join'd,
Pure nuptial Truth to ſhare!——

May Love, as laſting as ſincere,
Reward each faithful breaſt;
And Friends behold them, year by year,
With Peace and Virtue bleſt.

# THE POET RELIEVED,

## AN EPISODE.

NEAR *Whitburn Steel*, at early dawn,
A Poet bent his way;
By choice of Contemplation drawn,
To meet returning day:

For whatsoever changes came
To alter Motal Laws;
His Faith, his Hope, look'd up the same,
To One Eternal Cause!

But some disquietude he found,
Which deep on Temper bore;
What present thoughts cou'd not expound,
Nor had he felt before.

He wonder'd much from whence it roſe,
Examin'd Reaſons through;
O'er every claſs of Virtue's Foes,
Yet no ſolution drew.

A frowning Fortune long had been
Familiar at his heart;
For whilſt calm Prudence pois'd the ſcene,
He could ſupport his part!

Indeed—low Injuries, of late,
The truſh of crafty Wiles!
Had forc'd him from a Muſe's ſeat,
Where oft he ſhar'd her ſmiles.

Compell'd to ſeek a dwelling place,
*In meaneſt Cottage Room*;
Which ſeem'd condition to diſgrace,
And where few Friends would come.

This touch'd his thought—he keenly charg'd
Some narrow-thinking men;
Reſentment, as ſhe bolts enlarg'd,
Call'd loud for Satyr's Pen.

Imperial Satyr, bright appear'd,
With Truth, her faithful guide;
Keen Darts, from choiſeſt Quivers clear'd,
Were aim'd at Vice and Pride:

Pope's lively Genius then ſhe hail'd,
To bring the nervous ſtrain;]
Which heretofore ſo high prevail'd,
In Anna's glorious reign.

Equipt, and eager to begin,
She mark'd One ſhameleſs *Wight*,
Sly ſculking o'er the furrow'd green,
And others, juſt in ſight.—

When lo! *Pierian Clio* ſhone,
With ſoftly-piercing eye;
The Poet felt his anguiſh gone,
Reſentment vaniſh'd by!—

She aſk'd, what croſs'd his uſual thought!
So happy and ſo free;
He pointed to the loneſome Cott,
And ſeem'd quite grave to be.——

There needs no more—each latent cauſe
The Goddeſs ſoon defin'd;
Then as her magic circle draws,
She thus aſſuag'd his mind.

"What lower yet?—well, be it ſo!
Such chances oft refine:
Beneath thee ſtill each paltry Foe,
Whilſt ſweet Content proves thine!

" If roſy Health her bliſs renew,
If balmy Peace remain;
What more can faulty Blockheads do,
Than ſharpen thy diſdain?

" Each buſy intermedling Tool,
Each undermining Slave;
Blind to Religion's Golden Rule,
Our pity need to have!

" Since youth they've ſtray'd, and quite forgot
To glean from Wiſdom's Store;
So Vice for ever glooms their Thought,
Alas, they know no more!

" Unletter'd Ignorance, their plea,
At ſome enquiring day;
But ſhould that Ignorance wilful be,
What muſt ſuch Blockheads ſay?

"No matter, tho' of *Dwelling Place*
Fools diſpoſſeſs'd thee wrong;
Themſelves derive a foul diſgrace,
Such Deeds to ſuch belong:

"Like Vapours, riſing from the dung,
Yet lagging, as they riſe;
We ſoon behold in mid-way hung,
Too groſs for purer ſkies!

"Conſcience, ere long, muſt throw the die
Of each unequal ſquare;
Whilſt Juſtice, lifting Scales on high,
Will prove them light as air!

"Then to their Wiles the Creatures leave,
Our Admonition vain!
Through life, they Neighbours may deceive,
But Death will all explain."—

The Goddeſs ſpoke—the Poet ſtar'd
To Cottage near in view;
Where, ſet ſerene, you'll Clio find,
With ſweet Contentment too.

Thrice welcome here be every Friend,
In Senſe and Virtue grown;
Who perſecuted Truth defend,
And make its cauſe their own!

For happineſs, whilſt numbers roam,
And ſeem at large to live;
Thoſe Souls compleateſt find at home,
In *Peace*, the world cann't give.

Fathers of old, with Wiſdom crown'd,
In ſage Experience try'd;
True bliſs in Cottages oft found,
When Pallaces deny'd!

These *plain* Proofs, the Bard confeſt,
He from his heart believ'd;
Fate ills no more perplex his breaſt,
So perfectly reliev'd!

What Thanks belong? dear generous Few!
For Friendſhips, *timely* ſhewn?
The Nine prepare a Wreath for you,
To be in future known:

A Wreath, ſuperior to the paſt,
Choice of Parnaſſian Store!
Which well-meant Praiſe ſhall ſurely laſt,
When I can write no more.

FINIS.